

THE WAR OF GRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.T.D. & N.W. AMERICA.

21st Year, No. 29,

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1905.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



Mercy Staying the Hand of Justice.

(See page 9.)

The General at the Stock Exchange.

An Interesting Newspaper Report of the General's Talk to the Members of the Stock Exchange—Lord Aberdeen Presides.

General Booth addressed a crowded meeting of city men yesterday afternoon at Salisbury House, London Wall. A large proportion of the audience were members of the Stock Exchange, while on the platform were Lord Aberdeen, who presided; Mr. Felix Schuster, Sir John Gorst, Ald. Sir J. T. Ritchie, and Sir John Cockburn.

The object of the General was to secure sympathy and financial co-operation for the Salvation Army, and it is a tribute to his wonderful personality that he held his audience from the beginning to the close. They cheered his shrewd common-sense remarks to the echo, laughed heartily at his sly jokes at their own expense, and gave expression to murmurs of sympathetic approval when he showed how the Salvation Army had raised from the depths men and women who appeared to be beyond redemption.

General Booth opened with warm thanks for the manner in which the Stock Exchange had for years past strongly supported the Salvation Army, and described how Mr. George Herring had come forward with the money for fitting up two new shelters for the destitute. Then he turned to the beginnings of the great organization over which he presides.

"It was a struggle at the outset," he said, "but I persevered. And you, gentlemen," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "would never have reached the millionaire positions you are in this afternoon if you had not persevered."

"The Salvation Army to-day," proceeded the General, "has 7,500 separate societies, 14,000 officers trained to carry on the work, 50,000 unpaid officers and 3,000 employees, 64 publications, and 27 War Cries published in 17 different languages."

"The Salvation Army," he went on, "is orthodox in religion and benevolent in practice, and that ought to commend itself to the Stock Exchange"—a remark which evoked loud laughter.

The General assured his auditors that the Salvation Army's affairs were conducted on businesslike lines, and its accounts were audited by professional auditors. It was subsidized by twenty-five municipalities and colonial governments. A description of how it reclaimed those who had been given up as hopeless and set them on their feet again—even those who had never worked before—followed.

"For, gentlemen," he added, "some of them detest work. It is not everybody who was born like you with a natural love of work."

Again the meeting laughed and cheered, and at the close of his address the General was accorded an enthusiastic vote of thanks.

General Booth yesterday opened a new temporary shelter, to help to relieve the present distress, at Kean Street, Aldwych. Here a bed can be obtained for 2d., or supper, bed, and breakfast for 4d.

A GOOD STORY OF THE GENERAL'S.

Speaking of sacraments to a Daily Chronicle reporter, the General told a story about a school-boy who had to endure the chaff of his school-fellows, and even the teacher, for his Salvationist parentage.

"You're a Salvationist?" asked the teacher one day.

"Yes, sir."

"And you have no Lord's Supper?"

"No, sir."

"Then what have you?"

The boy thought for a few moments, and answered:

"Farthing breakfasts for the poor!"

REVIVAL AT ST. ALBAN'S, ENG.

There has been a revival at St. Alban's, England, where 140 men and women recently professed conversion.

One Sunday morning there came a wonderful outpouring of the Spirit. All were more or less affected, and nearly everyone in the hall went to the front either for salvation or to publicly consecrate themselves to more zealous service. Every department of corps work was immediately quickened. And still the cry went up that souls might be saved.

Thoughts for 'Shut-In' Readers.

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston, Aux. Secretary.

Through the many days of pain and weariness which the past winter has brought to me, I have thought so often of the many dear ones who are "shut in" in rooms of sickness and weakness, and of those also who through their constant and loving ministrations to the sick are deprived of the privileges of meeting with those who love the Saviour, and who are, as a lady said to me a few days ago, "Oh! so hungry" for spiritual help. I want therefore to send a message to such, on the white wings of *The War Cry*, which finds its way into so many dark rooms and hospital wards throughout this broad land, just a little heart-to-heart message to those who often long for strength and opportunity to go out into the active life of the busy, rushing world.

♦ ♦ ♦
"Let I Am With You Always."

"O Love divine, who stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On Thee we cast our earth-born care,
We smile at pain when Thou art near."
—Oliver W. Holmes.

Dear suffering one, my thoughts are with you, my heart beats in tenderest sympathy for you. I would like to kneel by your side and lift my voice in earnest prayer to our Heavenly Father on your behalf. This cannot be. Read, then, carefully, the little message of comfort I desire to send to your heart.

What can I find in the blessed Word of God that contains more strengthening power for you than the assurance at the head of this paper, "Let I am with you always"? This is one of the last, therefore one of the most sacred, promises of our Lord Jesus Christ. What a comfort it contains. "Always"—in season of joy, when the lips drink deep from the cup of human delights; in hours of sorrow, when bereavement's shadow flings a cloud of inky blackness across the sky, and no gleam of solace shines through its impenetrable darkness; in days of difficulties and losses, when all avenues of prosperity seemed to be closed; in moments of disappointment, when loved ones are untrue and misunderstandings arise; and when temptations come like a flood.

♦ ♦ ♦
What It Means.

"Always with you, even unto the end." To best comprehend the full wealth of this promise it will help us if, for a moment, we consider what the presence of Jesus meant to those about Him in the days of His humanity. One of the first glances into His ministry shows Him in a scene of mirth and festivity, sanctioning by His miracle the holy estate of marriage. Then we see Him with the multitudes gathered about Him in the wilderness, manifesting His interest in their temporal welfare by satisfying their physical hunger. One of the sweetest pictures we have of Him is that which portrays Him surrounded by the little ones, placing His hands upon their restless curly heads and blessing them. As I talked with my little seven-year-old girl one evening before she went to Jesus about this, she said: "If I had been there He would have blessed me, too, mamma, wouldn't He?" May we all make personal application.

(To be continued.)

Modern Manna.

TRUE LIBERTY.

"And when they bring you unto the synagogues, and unto magistrates and powers, take no thought how or what ye shall answer, or what ye shall say; for the Holy Ghost shall teach you in the same hour."—Luke xii. 11.

Leah Barto belonged to the church choir; consequently, when she professed conversion in an Army meeting, all sorts of evil was predicted of her. As she wouldn't stop from the meetings, nor stop testifying, she was at length summoned before the minister and his church officers. But instead of them arraighing her, she arraigned them, having a liberty of speech that was astonishing to them. "At all events we will pray for you before you go," said the minister. But he was a bit long in starting, so Leah felt led to pray for them, which she did, evidently taught by the Holy Ghost. She prayed the Lord to convert and sanctify each one of them, and set their church on fire! Nobody would pray after her, but as the teacher ushered her out he said he never thought she would behave like that before a white minister! She afterwards became a Lieutenant and sweet salvation songster.

REBELLION LOST IT.

"Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."—Psa. cxvii. 3.

A young minister told me how, on one occasion, he had no money or food in the house, nor did he know where to get any for his wife and children; and it was, of all times in the week, Saturday night! A woman came to the door with vegetables, which they wanted, but had no money to buy; and a man, to whom he owed a shilling, sent an impatient youngster for it, who said he was not to leave without it. Then it was that this minister's faith failed him, and going into his bed-room he rebelled against God, and said he wished he'd never been such a fool as to come there! At this same moment, he afterwards learned, two pieces of beef were being sent to him, and an amount of money, which had been owing to him so long that he thought he would never get it. Since he rebelled, however, one of the pieces of beef was stolen away by the woman who was sent with it; and the other piece, while being cooked the next day, was carried off by a pig, which came into the kitchen and knocked over the pot, as he was preaching in the chapel.

TOOK UP THE SEA.

"As for God, His way is perfect; the word of the Lord . . . maketh my way perfect."—Psa. xviii. 30-32.

"I have taken up the sea!" said a little boy at the sea-side, playing with his toy bucket on the beach.

"Taken up the sea, Johnny; why, what do you mean?" asked his mother.

"Well, taste it," said Johnny; "it is just as salt."

He had taken up but a very small portion of the sea, but he, nevertheless, had a bucketful of pure sea-water.

In a similar manner we can have God's holiness, and be pure and perfect, even as He is. Otherwise the language of Scripture is grossly exaggerated, and the Lord promises to do for us more than He is willing and able.

THE DIGNITY OF THE REDEEMED.

How are we dignified by regeneration? Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost. We should strive to act, walk, and speak as such. The grand matter should be what God thinks of us, not what man thinks. The praise of man is only an awful indication that we are not meet for the praise of God.



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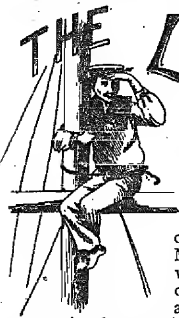
Queen Victoria day of celebration appeared to "the secured through some of the brigad call at the store 24th of May to a their invitation Two rounds were which made the This was not exc however, and an rammed into the make the report interest, a few of gun after the cha the bravest to se himself forever v utes no one acc John stepped for Bang! A terrific hat flew away a thrown scores of had burst! A frightful conditio blood, and his b and injured by t from the weapon ran to where the few shattered b had flown in all dances. One lad; and another pi ianded in a chu away, while John as a piece of th hat.

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THE LIFE STORY

OF

Sergt-Major John Manuels.



The sea-girt isle of Newfoundland is the birth-place of Sergt-Major John Manuels. He was somewhat of an obstreperous youth, wilful to an alarming degree, desirous of always doing as he liked, no matter how his wishes interfered with those of his parents. The latter were anxious for their son to receive as good an education as local schools afforded, but John thought more of the sea than he did for letters and figures. He cared for his mother passionately, who was, we fear, to her son's hurt, very indulgent with her boy, for a pout and a cry and numerous entreaties would elicit her womanly sympathies and permission to stay many a half-day from school. These half days were not used to good advantage by her son. Companions of a questionable character were found, who thought it manly to slyly take intoxicating drink now and again and generally do wrong things, sowing in their youthful folly the wind to eventually reap the whirlwind.

The First Lie.

It can well be imagined that other sins accompanied that of drinking intoxicants. On one occasion under its influence John became a thief. That one act of stealing tobacco from his father (for he had become also an inveterate smoker), and then telling a lie to his sister to cover the deed, caused him in after years bitter regret, for here he can date the commencement of his downfall and almost the ruination of his whole life, at any rate, up to the time of his conversion.

There are few incidents of sufficient importance to relate in these early years. They were days spent largely in sin and ignorance of the consequences of it.

Queen Victoria's birthday was largely a day of celebration in his native town. There appeared to "the boys" no fun except that secured through mischief, and it only needed some of the brigade of incorrigible youths to call at the store where John worked on the 24th of May to meet with a ready response to their invitation "to fire off a cannon." Two rounds were discharged without mishap, which made the hills echo from far and near. This was not exciting enough for the "boys," however, and an extra heavy charge was rammed into the antiquated weapon, and to make the report the louder and lend extra interest, a few old sods were thrust into the gun after the charge. Here was a chance for the bravest to set the cannon off and cover himself forever with glory. For a few minutes no one accepted the challenge. Then John stepped forward to ignite the powder. Bang! A terrific report was the result. His hat flew away and rocks and earth were thrown scores of yards in the air. The cannon had burst! And John was in the most frightful condition. From his face streamed blood, and his body was generally bruised and injured by the missiles, which were fired from the weapon. His alarmed companions ran to where the cannon was, only to find a few shattered bits left. Pieces of the gun had flown in all directions and to great distances. One lady was hurt severely in a limb and another piece weighing fifty pounds landed in a churchyard a quarter of a mile away, while John had narrowly escaped death, as a piece of the gun had gone through his hat.

The following winter, with several companions, John went to the bush to cut wood for fuel. To reach their destination it was necessary to go by sea. A very small boat, indeed was secured for the trip. The party had only been a short time out on this

flimsy craft when a severe storm arose. The wind increased in velocity until a terrific gale swept the waters. In speaking of this incident, John states: "I said to my chum, 'Jack, I'm afraid the boat will go to the bottom. Reef the sails and let's try to save her.' I was steering when a heavy sea swept the deck and snapped our lines and riggings in twain. Jack shouted, 'She's gone, boy!' But Providence spared us. The long hours dragged themselves away until we made a harbor where it was safe to land."

No one was living where the party landed. The weather was fearfully cold, and, without any fire, the "boys" sat and shivered throughout the long hours of the night. The following day a cargo of wood was secured and the youthful mariners put out to sea again. A strong gale prevented them sailing far, and eventually they had to turn back to anchor in a harbor once more. Looking out to sea, they saw a vessel with her spar carried away, which they hailed and secured passage on the ship homeward, being treated with every consideration by their rescuers.

Youthful ambitions filled the heart of John and he determined to get away from his home



He Weathered Many a Storm.

and see more of the world. During the next few years, he visited various parts on the Canadian coast and in the Bermudas. One memorable trip to Halifax we may mention. The voyage from Newfoundland had been uneventful until Halifax was sighted, when a fierce windstorm came on, driving the ship ashore. The position of the vessel every minute became more and more alarming. The sailors tried to beat against the wind, but their efforts were futile. The ship stubbornly persisted in remaining in the trough of the sea and would not respond to the helm. Every second they were

In Danger of Being Dashed on the Rocks. The horrors of that dreadful night must remain untold. Every sailor was taxed severely and toiled incessantly in a night of rain and sleet driven by a strong gale until they were benumbed with cold and exhaustion. Daylight revealed breakers surrounding the vessel on every side. The captain was alarmed, and said in a loud voice: "There is only one chance to save our lives. Let go the main-sail. Loose the halyards, quick!" With the swift descent of the sail, the block unhooked and the ropes became a miserable tangle, so that the main-sail could not be handled. There was only one more chance for the lives of those aboard. The captain rang out the order "to keep her away and beach her." To use the words of John: "The sea was mad, waiting like a monster to devour us. But Providence held our safety in His hand. An instant change of wind drove us from the very jaws of death far out to sea, and the weather moderating somewhat helped us to reach a port in safety, where we read in the newspapers of our miraculous escape."

Such an experience as the one we have related would temporarily have a good effect upon John, who would add a few more good resolutions to the many he had previously made. But his own will was not strong enough to help him resist the many tempta-

tions to do wrong which beset him, and soon he was again in the slough of sin.

From the same ship John nearly witnessed the drowning of a sailor, which made him think seriously of turning over a new leaf. The vessel was carrying a cargo of lumber and nearing port. A boat came to meet them from the shore full of people, who, on arrival were accommodated on the incoming ship, except a young Swede, who remained in charge of the smaller boat. The wind rising made the larger vessel travel swiftly, and most of the sailors and those who had just gone aboard were in the forepart of the ship chatting merrily. John, however, had his eye on the smaller boat, and noticed it was in an awkward position and going to fill. He shouted out and brought the ship to the wind, but too late. The smaller boat made a plunge, went under and came to the surface keel up. The young man was seen struggling in the water. The sailors sprang to the ship's boat and cast it overboard and rowed back to the wreck, and reached it just in time for the mate to be able to

Grasp the Drowning Man by His Hair and rescue him as he was going down for the last time.

John was now in the vicinity of Cuba and while ashore saw some strange sights, particularly noteworthy is that of an officer of a native regiment, who had the misfortune to fall from his horse, resulting in his death. A curious part of the incident was the beating of two drums on either side of the dead man in the endeavor to awaken him, while his wife tore her hair. When this confusion ceased, the armor of the officer was placed beside the corpse in the coffin, and the natives raised their muskets and fired a volley.

For some time John was detained in Savannah, which at this period was in a seige of terror. Every night some desperate deed would be committed—murders and bloodshed. John participated in evil of various kinds and the company he kept was not conducive to good morals. He tells of his conversion in the following words:

"The next great step in my life was to get married. I tried to reform and settle down, but could not feel contented, ever seeking some fresh amusement or indulging in sin to a greater or lesser extent. After several years of this horrible way of living, a revival came our way, and I was subjected to the strivings of the Holy Spirit. It was so hard to yield, I had been long and deep down in sin. The devil had me tightly bound, and he was not anxious to loose my fetters. I was in misery. Thanks be to God, my wife was a good woman and gave me sound advice. One night she said to me, 'Shall I get someone to pray with you?' I said, 'Yes.' The devil said, 'You fool.' But my wife had gone and there was no way out of my dilemma. They came and I knelt down with them and said, 'God, save me!' He soon answered my prayer. My sins were soon forgiven."

"For a long time after my conversion I enjoyed the favor of God. Then bitterness came into my heart and destroyed my peace. I wanted to be entirely delivered, but failed



Celebrating the 24th of May.

until the dear old Army came, and in a holiness meeting I gave my all to God. The work was done. I felt all sin was gone, and since that time, about ten years ago, I have been a soldier in the ranks of the Salvation Army. I thank God for what Christ has done for me.

GENERAL BOOTH:

His Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

By Clarence Rook, in London Daily Chronicle.

THE last time I saw General Booth was in His little room at the side of the great Congress Hall at Clapton, when he was bracing himself to confront the vast International Congress of the early summer. He talked to me for nearly an hour, and then stalked out—this man of five and seventy—having completely forgotten to eat his lunch. Now, at the age of seventy-six, he is on the eve of another missionary journey to Australia. But the missionary journey is to include a pilgrimage; for the old man who has consecrated a lifetime to the religion of Jesus, is going to the Holy Land, and it is meet that the greatest Christian missionary of a century should—before his earthly task is done—bow his head before the birthplace of His Master.

The General at Home.

A day or two ago I had another long talk with the General, this time at his Hadley Wood House, which is not quite a villa and a little more than a cottage, built on the outskirts of a "new residential neighborhood" about a dozen miles from King's Cross. Here the General lives—on the rare occasions when he is home—very simply, with a housekeeper, a secretary, and two typists, in a house with no decorations but the severest mid-Victorian furniture.

He came into the room—still erect in figure, white hair and beard—with the red jersey of the Army showing behind the frogged coat of the commander-in-chief. He sank into an armchair by the teatable, a rather weary old man, you would think. For the eyes are dull, and half-covered by the heavy lids, the finely-formed fingers hang listless. But the eyes sparkle for a moment as he casts his customary jest at the newspaper press.

I inquired as to the forthcoming journey, which is to begin this week. And the General sketched his plan of campaign. New Zealand is the furthest objective. Then comes a tour in Australia, where Sydney and Brisbane, Melbourne and Adelaide, will be visited. Meetings will be addressed in Western Australia, and possibly the goldfields will be covered. Returning to England, the General proposes landing at Folkestone, and, without going home, starting at once on a motor campaign through the Eastern Counties as far as Glasgow.

Pilgrimage or Mission?

"And as to your visit to the Holy Land," I asked; "is it to be a pilgrimage or a mission?"

"It is to be both," replied the General. "I have often passed within a few miles of the sacred place, and naturally the desire has sprung up to go and see it. The opportunity has come. I shall only lose a week's time on the journey, and the arrangements with the P. and O. are so generous—why, I take the opportunity. I leave the ship at Port Said, go to Joppa, Jerusalem, and Jericho—I hope I shall not fall into the hands of naughty people—and then I catch another boat for New Zealand."

"And in what sense is this a mission?"

"I hope to hold meetings, set forth my notions as to how the residents in that land can be happy and good, and more particularly it is a reconnaissance, to see what the country is like and how far it will be possible for us to operate there. We have no mission there at present."

But there is one Salvationist in the Holy Land. He is a Syrian, from Nazareth, who came under the influence of the Army in India. But his heart was upon his own country, and he returned. This ex-officer—"we call him the Carpenter of Nazareth," said the Gen-

eral—is a good linguist, and is to act as interpreter during the mission. To avoid controversy, General Booth will hold his meeting upon neutral ground—generally in hotels. And the Sultan, through the Turkish Embassy in London, has given special facilities for the work of the Salvation Army in Palestine. For—as the ready explanation came—the Army is not Roman Catholic, not Protestant—has no concern with dogma, and seeks to beat down nothing but sin, seeks to raise nothing but humanity.

The Theme of His Life.

This suggested a question as to the origin and objects of the Salvation Army. Did it spring from the brain of the General, in panoply? And is it designed as a separate community, or as a recruiting ground for the churches? The General was erect in the chair now. All traces of weariness had gone. As he told me of the beginnings of the Army, how he left the Methodist Church for evangelistic work, came to the East of London, was invited to hold some meetings in a tent. The eyes flashed, the right hand caught up the knife from beside the plate, and at moments it seemed as though the plate must crack under the emphatic blow. He told me how he got to work on Mile-End Waste, and walked about that dreary region; saw the wretchedness, the vice, the crime; listened to the blasphemers—gave himself to them.

"I consecrated my life to helping them, and seeing what could be done. I had no idea who would lend me a hand or give me a shilling. I trusted in God, went to work, and the thing grew. Long weary struggle, lasting many years, before it took any definite shape. Then the cloud burst, the waters fell."

And to-day there is scarcely a corner of the world without a Salvation Army officer's voice calling in the wilderness. Yet the Army must remain a separate organization.

Eventually our talk led to the agencies which lifted the Army from ridicule to respect.

"At first we were looked upon as a comedy," said the General. "Well, you see, we had to secure attention. I don't think anything ridiculous was ever done. Only people thought religion consisted in being demure and melancholy. The Salvationist was natural—just himself. He walked into the hall in the same free-and-easy fashion as he walked into his warehouse or his factory."

"Don't you think the starting of the Social Wing had a great deal to do with it?"

"It brought about a closer acquaintance. The people came to know us. Instead of looking at us from a long way off, they came close to us; and when they saw what we were doing they could not help esteeming us. I don't know that we are any different from what we were in the beginning."

The Social Wing was started, as I gathered, simply because it was found that the sudden stimulus of the penitent form required careful, continuous treatment afterwards. When a man has fallen below a certain level his spiritual needs disappear in his bodily wants. The idea of the Social Wing was to raise the whole man to a higher level; provide the electric energy of religious enthusiasm and the guiding power of the skilled social engineer.

No Distinction.

"In reality," said the General, "there is no distinction between the social side and the religious side. There is one spirit. The Social Wing is simply a systematic method of dealing with the vices, poverties, and starvations of the people."

Here we were naturally led to the question of the value of emotional conversions, of which we have seen and heard so much of

late. I pointed out that there is a widespread distrust of the permanence of such sudden changes. And I think the General was inclined to agree, in so far as mere emotionalism is concerned. These, I think, are his exact words:

"A conversion is a conversion. That is where people make the blunder. If a man is converted, it is a work wrought in him by the Holy Spirit. It is a change of nature. The emotion is, perhaps, useful to help him over the bar, so to speak, into the haven. It does not matter if you use cold, logical argument to induce a man to make the choice to commit himself to God, or whether it is some wild passion that speaks to his spirit. Only he must be helped over the bar." And then the General, eyes blazing, white hair ruffled with one hand, the other hand twisting sensitive fingers above his head, burst into the full tide of his eloquence. "People go to hell because they don't look where they are going. Have their eyes in the wrong place—side of their head" (with fingers at his ear-tips) "not in front" (with warning finger pointing straight ahead) "on they go—till they go over. Whereas if they will think and look and see where they are, they will see what a fool's part they are playing."

Not in Man.

Dropping his voice to a tenderer note, he continued: "It is not in a man to look at heaven and not want to go through the Golden Gate. It is not in a man to look at hell, and keep on looking long enough, and not want to turn away from the road to it, and the risk of going over. And it is not in a man to look at Jesus Christ hanging on the tree, and not want to go into His arms." He paused for a moment, holding my eyes with his. Then down came his hand on the table with a bang that made the tea-cups leap.

"No!" he thundered, "No!"

The General's sudden changes of tone are dramatic, startling, almost paralyzing at times.

"Help him over the bar"—that phrase sums up the Salvationist's view of the emotion that brings a man to the penitent form. The eye is suddenly turned to the light. But the whole man must be turned and kept moving towards the light and the perfect day. That is where the discipline of the Army tells. It takes its man, seizes the sudden resolve, and turns it into a purpose, a practice of everyday abnegation of self and work for others. Once in the Army, the soldier of Christ never escapes the grip of discipline.

The eyes closed for a few moments as the artist finished his sketch, though the nervous energy remained in the fingers that fidgeted with the tea-plate. Then the eyes opened—flashed; the old man sat upright and spoke a sentence that might some day serve as the epitaph of a good man.

An Epitaph.

"I commit myself to the right. That has been my guide in life. That is where I cast anchor. Where waves of doubt art dashing up against me I hang on there. I am going to do what is right—cost what it may; lead whither it may."

The old man rose—an Elijah in a red jersey—for the face is that of the prophet whose mantle was an ennoblement—and on an impulse we all rose. In the simplest words—as though he were very near to God—he prayed to Him to whom all hearts are open that we might all meet again in heaven. We grasped hands. He was going back to his study to work, having quite forgotten to eat the slice of bread and butter he had been pulverizing, and having resisted the entreaties of his housekeeper to drink some more tea. I told him of my hope that he would take the Albert Hall on his way to heaven, and he replied with a twinkle of the eye and a few words which—which I prefer to hide in my heart. At Hadley Wood Station I dodged my companions and found a corner in an empty carriage. There are times when the only desirable company is two—yourself—and Yourself.

LONDON AT PRAYER.

THE MEN WITHOUT A HOME.

(Extracts from an article in the Pall Mall Magazine.)

At half-past eight o'clock, one Sunday morning in January, I came out of Blackfriars Station and turned on to the bridge. The air was chill; dull clouds hung low over the city, slightly tinged with the pink of the invisible sun; road and pavements were thick with mud. As I walked I looked over the parapet of the bridge. The tide was out, and and heaving banks of mud made the scene even more depressing, for the river hides much decay that is now exposed to view; rotting piles, rusty girders, slimy chains and mooring rings, the woodwork of piers jutting out from wharves and warehouses festooned with the flotsam left by the retreating waters. I looked down the river and up the river; I looked north and I looked south; and wherever my eye fell, all seemed a desolation of grey mists, through which loomed endless houses, wastes of roofs and chimneys, with spires and domes and towers rising from amongst them, yet seeming scarcely tangible, but rather like strange rents in the sky, or chance clouds, which might change their shape in a moment. London still slept, and only the striking of a clock, the eternal screech of the sea-fowl wheeling over the buttresses of the bridge, broke the Sabbath silence.

London slept, that immense London which stretched far as the eye could reach; slept heavily, dreaming away the cares and anxieties of the past week—for it was the day of rest, the day which comes betwixt Saturday and Monday, the blessed buffer-day for rich and poor alike.

At last I reached my goal—a building like a barracks, with a brick front, at its side big doors, and over all a great strip of white cotton, lettered in red. Not a sign of life was to be seen, and I thought I had come too soon or too late, when one of the side doors was drawn back to admit the poor fellows I had seen on my way. I followed them, and found myself in a yard in which a great crowd of woe-begone men of all ages were gathered together, formed into a carelessly kept queue. Some were smoking; most were huddled up in their own embraces; a few were asleep and snoring with walls for pillows. It was a surprising sight to leave the empty road and encounter such a strange congregation. But the walls of London conceal many remarkable things, of whose very existence few are ever conscious.

I passed through the ranks, turned into a covered way, and there saw a little group of officers. They stood at the door of a large, bare hall, furnished with a platform and many rows of benches, about half of them already occupied by the men without a home, and were receiving their guests. I joined them and listened. As each man came up he was spoken to, the conversations naturally varying in their nature.

Here rolls up a dumpy little fellow of not more than thirty, in a rough blue jacket, a loose pair of trousers, with a black kerchief round his throat, reckless blue eyes, a shock of fair hair all touzled, and a queer scrubby little beard. He is turning a quid in his mouth; a bit of a leather sheath projects from his coat pocket, covering a knife.

"What are you by trade, my man?" asks one of the officers.

"A sailor, sir."

"Were you out all night?"

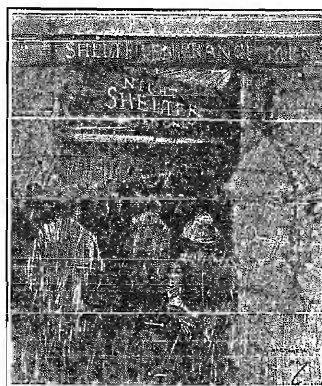
"Aye, aye, sir."

"You look it; you must be very tired. How do you come to be like this?"

The sailor hangs down his head and says he doesn't know—meaning that he has had a glorious spree. I suppose, and chucked away his pieces.

"Well, well—pass in, please, and take a seat."

He joins the others, and another takes his place.



"The Insistent Broom Sweeps Them All In."

"What are you by trade?"

"A waiter."

"Have you been out all night?"

"Yes, sir."

"How is that?"

"I have no money."

"Can't you get work?"

"No, it's very slack; there are scores of us waiters looking for a job."

"Well, pass in."

"Thank you, sir."

Up comes another.

"Well, dad, I hope you were not out all night?"

"I was, sir."

The speaker was an old man of over seventy, respectable enough outwardly, in a suit of tweed, with a collar and a tie, and a soft hat.

"What are you, daddy?"

"A watchmaker."

"No work?"

"No, sir."

"Pass in and get a seat."

A dark man of fifty, of military appearance, with thick frizzled moustache, curling at each end like a mark of interrogation; otherwise clean-shaven, though how he got shaved I was puzzled to know; with the remains of good looks, and a graceful carriage, no doubt cultivated in his profession.

"Did you sleep out last night?"

"No, sir."

"Lucky man! Where did you sleep?"

"In the casual ward."

"Has it come to that?"

"It has."

"Why, how did you lose your place?"

"Through illness. I dropped out, and another dropped in."

So they filed in to pray—broken gentlemen, clerks, sailors and soldiers, artisans and tradesmen, navvies and errand boys, jailbirds, husbands divided from wives and children, old and feeble, young and stalwart, common laborers by the score, lifters, carriers, hewers of wood and drawers of water.

All swept in by the insistent broom, which is hard at it, sweeping in the watches of the night. It was a sight seen once never to be forgotten. Some, had you met them in the streets, you would never have guessed were in want, certainly would never have suspected that they had not a penny left, or had paced the streets all night, having nowhere to lay their heads; some are total wrecks, fit only to be broken up; many have years of life and work before them if they are lifted out of the swamp of despair. They have all met here for the first time. From the ends of the earth their ways have converged to this bare hall on the poor side of the river, little knowing, never dreaming that the time would come when such a fate would be theirs. All roads, every river and every sea, lead to London, which has mysterious powers of attraction as sure and fatal as the fabled black mountain of adamant for the luckless ships that came within its influence.

To each the same questions were put. Some muttered their replies; some spoke out; others nodded sleepily, dazed with cold, faint with hunger; some gave up a ticket entitling them to a free breakfast, which had been given to them during the night.

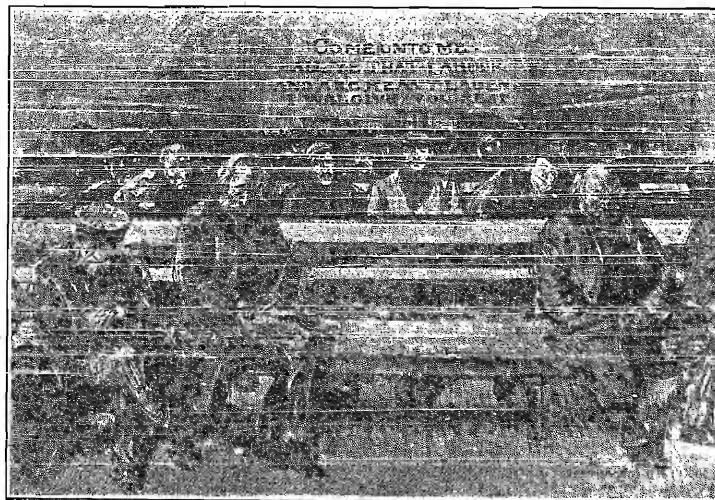
Some five hundred men filled the hall, the doors were closed, the breakfast was served, consisting of a pint of hot tea, two thick slices of bread and butter, a piece of cake and a lump of cheese.

This was consumed in ease and comfort, the hall being warmed with hot pipes.

It was a cheerful enough scene. The hall was painted white, beams crossed it, sliding windows in the bayed roof were slightly open, through which I could see the naked branches of a tree moving in the wind; along each side were rows of benches; strings of colored paper, in honor of Christmas, were looped up from various points, and in illuminated letters were various legends, as:

"Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

That was most conspicuous of all.
(To be continued.)



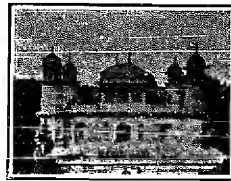
The Scene Before the Service.

YOUNG PEOPLES PAGE

THE EGYPTIAN BOY.

In the acquisition of an education education, the Koran plays the most important part; it is, in fact, the foundation of all instruction given. It must, first of all, be committed to memory; the pupil is taught to read and write each portion as fast as it is memorized. As a mental stimulus—in the case of juvenile scholars—a palm-branch, judiciously administered, may take the place of our more familiar birch rod. While the majority of the students do not pursue their studies more than five or six years, yet many remain much longer, fitting themselves for duties of

doctor, lawyer, or ruler of their countrymen. No boy may be admitted before the age of eight, but, on the other hand, advanced age is no bar to entrance; so, if it pleases him, the man of mature years may con his



A Mosque and School at Cairo.

tasks beside a youthful classmate. As a rule, it is only the boy of the upper class who is able to avail himself of a prolonged course of study. The poor boy must, early in life, take up the struggle for existence.

Perhaps he is a donkey-boy; then, for a trifling fee, he and his diminutive steed are at the traveler's service. A most satisfactory attendant he proves, generally speaking; cheerfully loading himself with the hand-baggage of his patron, ceaselessly urging on his stolid beast of burden, and with shrill cries of warning keeping at proper distance encroaching pedestrians, not too easy an undertaking in this jostling, queerly costumed crowd. Other donkeys and riders there are, too, and even trolley cars in these days; and one may encounter a file of camels which seems with steady tread to claim the right of way, and by their complaining cry to protest against the necessity for mingling with the ignominy of the car.

Then, again, the low-nose boy may be a vendor of fruit and vegetables, when he is not in the least diffident about proclaiming the excellence of his wares in his high-pitched, but not unmusical voice. Sometimes he is a water-seller and, provided with a skin of this precious fluid and a metal cup, he is ready, in exchange for a small consideration, to relieve the needs of the passing throng. He is not avaricious, this ragged or nearly unclothed youngster, for on the bottom of a few ridiculously small coins, he will distribute the entire contents of his goat-skin to the thirsty souls around him. It may be said, in passing, that in oriental countries the term "boy" is applied indiscriminately to menials of the male persuasion, regardless of age.

The dress of the Egyptian boy is elaborate or otherwise, according to his wealth or station. The shoes appear to play an important part in the "make-up" of "Young Egypt." Among the upper or middle classes it is said that the color and shape of the footgear betray the station in life of their youthful wearers. So it behooves the fastidious one to look well to his neighbor's feet, and choose his associates accordingly. As for the child of poverty, he runs bare-footed through the sands of summer, and the mud of winter, and is not burdened with sumptuous raiment; hence he is readily classified.



The Turbaned Students.

But whatever his class, caste, or station, the Egyptian boy has the reputation of being a very well-mannered youth, respectful to his parents, kind to his comrades, and considerate of dumb animals. Therein, possibly, he may serve as an example to the youth of our own more favored land.—Four-Track News.

WINNING SOULS.

Both young people and older should never neglect an opportunity to speak the words that will lead a soul to Christ. And not only that, but we should make opportunities for speaking to others about salvation. We should also pray for those whom we save.

and are unsaved, that they may soon be converted. Margaret E. Sangster beautifully says:—

"A strange reluctance comes over many when they try to talk about the soul and its relations to God. Very often the gay girl whose heart is running over with fun and mirth, and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied; that she wants something better, purer, higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who is talking with her would ask her a question, would give her a hint, would lead the conversation to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of the kind. She has even the faint, undefinable dread that any effort on her part would be received coldly, or made the occasion of ridicule.

"So the opportunity passes. The souls have been within speaking distance, but have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ who might have won a soul to Him has been silent, afraid, ashamed. What wonder if to that too faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn Himself and is gone; that, seeking, the Spirit finds him out, and, calling, there returns no answer! Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty?"

REDUCE ROLLING AT SEA.

The Hamburg-American Line is building a new steamship at the Vulcan Works at Stettin, which will be fitted out with an invention of Otto Shilke, an engineer of Hamburg, by which it is expected will be reduced the rolling of vessels at sea to a minimum. It consists of a massive balance wheel mounted in such a manner as to counteract the shifting of the centre of gravity of the ship.

The invention hitherto has only been tested in connection with models, but the Hamburg-American officials are so convinced of its utility that they are advancing money and loaning a vessel for a trial which will take place in June or July. Naval engineers regard the invention as likely to be of the greatest use to warships in adding to the stability of the gun platforms.

The underlying principle of the apparatus is the fact that a rotating body will oppose to any inclination of its axis a resistance which grows higher as its rotation is more rapid and its weight more considerable. It is in this weight and the power required to revolve it at a speed sufficient to be effective that naval architects see a fatal defect in the device.

These say that to make the gyroscopic action in any degree effective on a vessel the wheel must be relatively of great size and must be driven at an enormous speed. They have figured that if such wheel is placed in a vessel there will be no room on board for anything else except the wheel and the power to drive it.

LIFE SAVED BY MICE.

Somewhere in England is a certain Trooper Holmes, who, according to evidence in the possession of the Society for the Prevention of Premature Burial, was "dead" yet is alive. Grievously wounded in the Afghan War of 1878, he was being brought down to Doolah, en route for England, when he appeared to relinquish bold on life. There were diff-

culties in the way of an immediate interment, so the body was laid in the field mortuary. There it remained for three days. On the third day the surgeons went to perform a post mortem examination. They raised the tarpaulin beneath which the body reclined, and were horrified to see hundreds of field mice, with which the district is infested, scurry from beneath the covering.

But they had been the means of saving that soldier's life. The warmth of their little bodies had had a reanimating effect upon his. More important still, however, they had nibbled his calves, and so brought him to. He was breathing slowly when found, was nursed back to convalescence, and went forth bravely to rejoin his regiment at Mesrut.

INTERESTING INFORMATION

STEVEDORES AND LONGSHOREMEN.

The modern cargo steamer represents a large investment of capital, often over \$1,000,000. It earns money only when it is under way. Every unnecessary hour spent at the dock means a loss of interest on capital and a depreciation of capital without any compensating gain. Any profit from the safe transportation of cargo from port to port thus depends upon the speed that the cargo has first been put aboard, and then has been discharged. While on the smaller sailing vessels, as a rule, the crew still take a part in loading and unloading cargo, with steamers the work nowadays is almost wholly performed by longshoremen and stevedores. The system promotes the efficiency of the crew, whose work is done only while the vessel is under way, and also secures the prompter dispatch of the ship. This division of labor is one of the economies of modern ocean transportation which have affected such reduction in freights and made possible the enormous development of the agricultural West, which is so dependent on export trade. In nearly all countries the stevedores and marine freight-handlers are organized into labor unions.

The organization includes loaders and unloaders, also the coal shovellers and trimmers, unloaders and loaders. There are the ore-shovellers and trimmers, loaders and unloaders in general, and package freight handlers; loaders and unloaders of salt and grain, trimmers and scoopers, dock bolsters and engineers; millmen and all men employed in lumberyards; dock drermen and marine firemen, and all other men that are engaged in working along and around docks.

Some of the men work in two shifts. Hostlers and engineers are paid \$30 to \$35 per month from May to December. The average wage for coal-handlers is sixty cents per hour; that is, in the unloading ports. The average wage for lumber loaders per hour is fifty cents. In some ports it is forty cents, some forty-five, some fifty, and some sixty; but the average is fifty cents for a ten-hour work-day. There are cases where men work over ten hours. Average wage per hour for lumber handlers—that is, at the unloading ports—is fifty cents per hour.

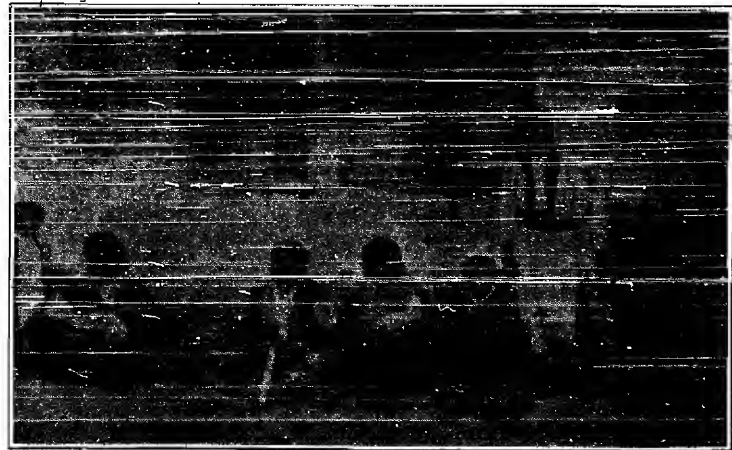
The average wage of grain scoopers per hour is sixty cents. Ore trimmers get sixty cents per hour, and they work all hours. At some ports they regulate their gangs and take turns about, but they work pretty much all the time; they have no certain hours.

The eye of little Willie's teacher was sad and sorry, for, notwithstanding that he was her favorite pupil, he stood before her convicted of the heinous charge of a theft of toffee from a fellow-pupil.

It was a first offense, however, and she did not desire to inflict corporal punishment—a moral lecture, she thought, would fit the case.

"Bear in mind, Willie," she concluded, "that these temptations can be resisted if determination is used. Always turn a deaf ear to temptation."

"But, teacher," he answered, "I ain't got a deaf ear."



Native Fishermen of Palestine.

A Tragedy of the War

In a beautiful country home in England, where luxury, refinement, and wealth ministered lavishly to the enjoyments of life, a youth of no mean ability was cradled.

Upon him the family built their hopes. Father's and mother's fond ambitions centred largely upon his future.

Nor was his marriage less propitious in course of time.

Having developed for himself every prospect of a happy career, he at least was the most unlikely subject to become the study of a felon's history.

It was in 1900—year memorable in the Old Land, as indeed also in her filial colonies, for the spirit of patriotism which characterized all grades of society.

Thousands of young men, with robust health and sound loyalty palpitating in heart and nerve, sprang at the country's call, and offered themselves for the front.

Many a one also amid the dangers, hardships, and companionships of the memorable South African struggle, first became reckless, then hardened, and finally overcome by the current of fierce temptation.

Others drank, others were merry, wild, loose, self-indulgent, daring—why should not he?

Who had a better chance than the one with cash to boot?

Perils, battles, forced marches, hazardous exploits, desperate encounters—the story has been told again and again.

Out of them all came Donald unscathed in limb or muscle, but morally wrecked.

So it came about that on his return to England the charm of home-life and the sanctity of family ties were riven.

He cared not to settle again in the well-favored surroundings of yore.

What if he had a medal upon his breast, when the campaign had cost him the love of her he had first wooed?

He must start life again under new conditions.

Was it the loneliness, or the drink, or the environment of recklessness proceeding from the fact that nobody knew, and nobody cared, as to his past?

Blighted hopes, despoiled ambitions, lost loves?

We cannot say.

Facts, however, remain. He drifted with the stream. Down, down until the stern

hand of law stopped him, and he was committed for trial in a desperate case of flagrant forgery.

Proven beyond suspicion, sentence was passed upon him for two years' incarceration.

There was time to reflect—aye, time, too, thank God, to repent.

The Salvation Army, in the person of its Prison Gate Officer, visited the prison.

Donald was personally interviewed, and then that spark of nature which makes us all akin, revealed itself.

The image of God almost effaced, shall we say? yet, though encrusted with many a year's wilful sin, neglect, and disobedience, it still lay buried deep within the man, and God's messenger probed for it.

Satisfied and convinced of his genuine repentance, our officer now set himself to work for Donald's future welfare.

The family was communicated with. Every fact of the case authenticated, the injured wife brought again in touch; a possible position secured; and in consideration of it being a first offence, and his behaviour under discipline being all that could be desired, the authorities commuted somewhat of the sentence, and Donald found himself once more a free man.

Nay, surely the words are ill advised—for "free" in this sense he had never been before.

Sinful tastes, appetites, habits, had bound him body and soul, but these being snapped by the grace of God, he was indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus—free in a new and real sense.

To-day, in a happy, blissful home, in one of our larger Canadian cities, may be found Donald and his wife, honorable members of the church in which he was brought up, useful in society, an honest citizen, and a valued member of a business house, with ample means of support, and prospects for earth and heaven; above all thanking God that the Salvation Army's Prison Work Officer was ever permitted to enter his cell, and point him to the way of life.

LEAVING A MONASTERY.

The Rye corps, of the Old Land, which for seventeen years has been accommodated in the old monastery of that ancient town, has now moved into a brand new Citadel. The old hall, which at one time belonged to the St. Augustine Friars, and was built in the thirteenth century, was an object of great interest to visitors. While in the possession of the Army it was the scene of many conversions.

Wrecked by Drink.

He was a prosperous mechanic, and as such wooed a partner in life, and "settled down" a little more than nine years ago.

Many a man might have envied the steady, comfortable position he enjoyed, and cosy little home to which he and his young wife repaired.

But—ah, the little menacing, and yet significant, though unpretentious, word, how much it covers!—both man and wife made shipwreck of all through drink.

An old, old story, you say? Nevertheless, not diminished in its power of pathetic intensity, or the weight of moral instruction.

They literally went to pieces on this rock of human offence, which, rather than have removed or uprooted from peril's way, has become a national institution, the abuse of which must be catered for by additional lunatic asylums, prisons, penitentiaries, infirmaries, and the like, despite the bitter irony that lies concealed in the fact.

Enraged by drink, incited to madness, beyond all bounds of consciousness, our subject became aggressor in a highwayman's outbreak, committed violent assault, and was sentenced to prison for a period of seven years.

Already well-known to the police through their drinking habits, the children of this couple had been rescued from their parents' lawlessness, and negligence and protected under foster guardianship, prior to this event.

Step by step, the wife also followed the path of ruin, until she was arrested and condemned to six months in the Mercer Reformatory.

To her, this was the dawn of a new life, for when her time expired, aided by kind friends, she started honorably, found a situation, followed the Army meetings, and became in very truth a converted woman, and a Salvationist.

In the meantime, dejected, hopeless, and alone, within the cell of a long-term prisoner, time dragged heavily on, life itself having foregone all her charms to the broken man.

During his rounds of visitation within the walls, our officer found him thus, and drawing out some of the tangled threads of his misspent life, learned that from early years tender reminiscences of a Saviour's forgiveness and friendship only increased the pangs of remorse, for so blindly having gone back on all that was holy, and sacred, and profitable.

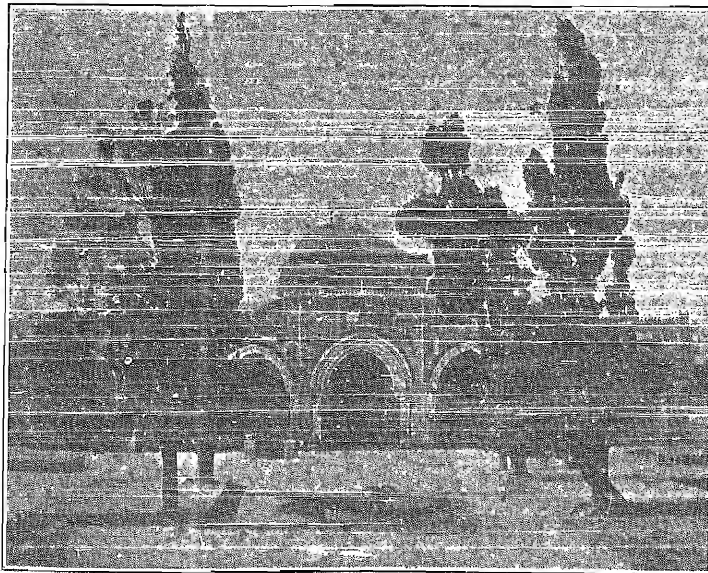
To him now how sweet a balm, therefore, was the assurance from a brother-man that the Saviour's love was still available, and pardon for transgressions could even be had within the confines of his narrow cell.

Having given satisfactory evidence of the genuine character of his conversion to his Warders and other prison authorities, their report, together with the recommendation of our Prison Gate Officer, to the Minister of Justice, ultimatum in securing an order for his pardon, on condition a situation was found to which he could immediately repair upon release.

This was effected some time since, and both man and wife are happily re-united, not only in comfortable circumstances from the world's point of view, but, better still, are fighting in the Army soldiery for other souls, testifying gladly what God has done for them, re-instated in home, with good homes of their children being restored to them, whilst husband and father occupies the honorable position of foreman under good employers.

TRIUMPH OVER SIN.

If sin attacks you, attack sin by believing. You have a Bible that tells you, "Ye shall be more than conquerors." Do you say sin is too strong for you? It is not too strong for Omnipotence that dwelleth in you. I don't want to be afraid of going to hell; I want to be afraid of sin. Let me be afraid of sin, and then I need not be afraid of going to hell.



Mosque Al Aksa, with Basin.

WAR CRY

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Appointments—

ADJT. ORCHARD, furlough, to Picton Corps and Belleville District.
 ENSIGN HURST, Special Work, to Everett.
 ENSIGN CLARK, Parrsboro, to Windsor, N.S.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
 Commissioner.



THE GENERAL'S BIRTHDAY.

The General will have spent the 76th anniversary of his birthday on board ship, on his voyage to Australia. He has had the desire of his life of visiting Jerusalem—a gratification no one will envy the man who has never wasted time in seeking selfish pleasure.

Even during his Palestine visit, the General conducted a number of gatherings to bless and save men. At the beginning of his 76th year he is bound for a long and exhaustive tour through Australasia, and immediately upon his return he contemplates another motor campaign through England to Scotland.

Few men at his age are as lively engaged in any work of great responsibility, and among the best of those who display such surprising activity and endurance the General ranks first. He continues a marvel to those about him. Our hearts go out toward our venerable leader in love and loyalty. We honestly admire, without flattery, his unflinching consecration to the cause of His Master, his inspiring example and personal affection and consideration for his officers and people. With confidence we follow his lead, for in the storms he has been a true pilot. May he lead us on for many years yet to come, to more firmly establish and more widely extend the Kingdom of God amongst the lowliest of men.

ANOTHER NEW INSTITUTION.

For a long time the great need for enlarged premises for our Women's Rescue Work has been felt, and our late Commissioner, Miss Booth, had under consideration the extension of our present Rescue Home on Yonge Street, but found herself unable to bring the scheme to completion. Commissioner Coombs was particularly anxious to carry on and out this proposal, but found obstacles in the way of the original idea. He has, however, admirably succeeded in reducing the idea to a material fact, by purchasing the spacious residence of the late Mr. Leadley, who was a sincere friend of the Army (and Commissioner Coombs particularly, knowing him in his Canadian pioneer days). The building is well suited for our purposes. Beautiful grounds form a part of the property, and its location is central, yet secluded sufficiently to

give the desired quietness and privacy. As soon as the property is suitably fitted we shall give further information to our readers. Needless to say, Mrs. Brigadier Southall, the Secretary for the Women's Social Work, is delighted with the prospects.

THE GENERAL'S TOUR.

During the General's visit to the Holy Land 113 souls cried to God for salvation.

Before leaving Palestine the General, with the Salvation banner unfurled overhead, read and signed a proclamation expressing his happiness at the accomplishment of the dream of his life by his visit to Jerusalem, and exhorting Christians to co-operate with him in alleviating the misery of poor outcasts, and in bringing the degraded classes of mankind near to God.

The General considers that from every point of view his visit to Jerusalem surpassed his expectations. Its most remarkable feature

EDITORIAL NEWSLETTERS.

Saved on Headquarters.—It is not an uncommon thing for people to come to the Territorial Headquarters to seek salvation. Major H. Morris knelt the other day with a poor prodigal boy whose father was in good circumstances. Also a day or two ago Lieut. Colonel Pugmire prayed with a lady who was in great distress of soul, and was able to lead her to the Saviour.

There has been a most encouraging increase in War Cry and Young Soldier sales in the city of Toronto recently. Each week brings to the Editorial Office fresh demands for extra copies.

The general interest of the people of the Queen City in the Salvation Army is very cheering. Each corps sends in excellent reports of crowded buildings and a good harvest of souls.

Staff-Capt. Patterson is proceeding to

Quebec City in the interests of immigration in the course of a week or two. There are likely to be some great developments along the line of immigration in the course of a short time.

Premier Whitney listened to our Temple corps in its open-air last Sabbath afternoon. The crowd was enormous on Sunday evening, which followed the grand procession of Salvationists to the Temple.

The Commissioner conducted a special meeting for young people in the Council Chamber, T. H. Q., on April 6th.

The Corps - Cadets are increasing numerically in Toronto.

Ensign Campbell will take charge of a soul-saving troupe in the Eastern Province, and will be assisted by Captain Ritchie and Lieut. Emery.

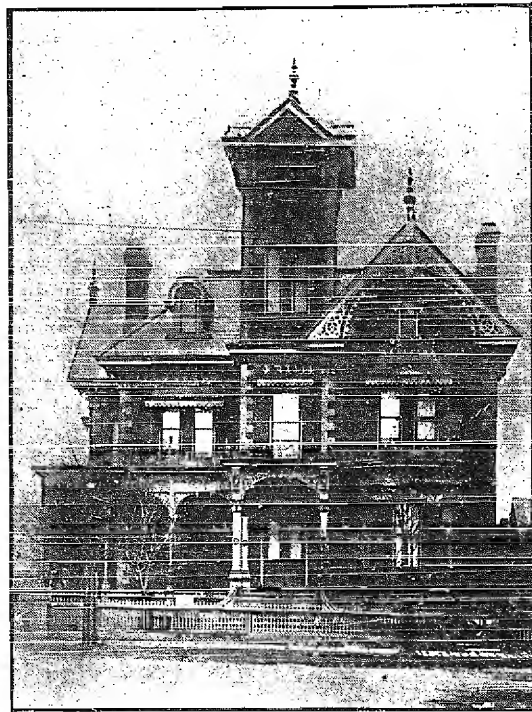
An order has been placed through the Army Trade Headquarters for twenty-eight new instruments for the Winnipeg band, all of which will be silver-plated and made by the Salvation Army. Thirty-four bandmen were recently commissioned at a band festival and banquet at Winnipeg. The proceeds, amounting to over \$350 clear of expenses, were applied to the band fund.

Orders for the Easter number of the War Cry are coming in most satisfactorily. Already more have been ordered than were at first arranged for. We have had the pleasure of looking at a few pages of this highly-interesting and pleasing number, and you cannot make any mistake in booming the same.

The Chief Secretary has left Territorial Headquarters for London, Eng. He will pilot the emigrants on his return journey. The few days he will be permitted to remain in the Old Land will be full of work. By way of recreation he will probably take a run down to that glorious Wales, where the Lord is graciously pouring out His Spirit.

Staff-Capt. Manton will visit Huntsville, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 22, 23, and 24, instead of Bracebridge and Midland for the same dates.

Next Week--The Easter War Cry.



The Newly Acquired Property for the Extension of the Women's Social Work in Toronto.

he says, was the deep and manifest desire shown by the people for a religion of act and conduct as distinct from a religion of creed and ceremonial.

BRIGADIER STILLWELL GONE HOME.

A Great Loss to the United States Field.

The announcement that our forces in the United States have sustained a fresh loss by the death of Brigadier Henry Stillwell, will cause profound regret.

The Brigadier, who was only forty-two years of age, passed away on Tuesday, March 14th. He leaves a wife and eight children, with whom the keenest sympathy will be felt.

Brigadier Stillwell came out from Marylebone, London, twenty-three years ago, and after commanding two corps in Scotland, was transferred to the American battlefield in 1883. Here he served in many Field and Divisional appointments, and was latterly, until failing health compelled him to relinquish the responsibility, Provincial Officer for the North-West Province.

How

(This article from our G... the present blessed... that we earnestly as... obedience.)

Am I right in supposing my comrades, there has desire for a revival? Per... saving work has already meetings outside and in, y...

"The heavenly gales... The cleansing stream... Beneath its waves... Hallelujah! Prai...

If so, I thank God. But are longing for it to be so...

Oh the joy of revival! by far the happiest season been spent among the signs other marvelous results May God speedily send How are you to obtain divine visitation in your c I want to show you.

And, first, I want to remind you of the truth that a revival is the work of the Holy Spirit. From first to last, it is God who saves. If you have any mighty influence that moves the hearts and will of the ungodly around you; if you have any power to smitten down with a sense of their guilt; if you have any great ingathering of men and women and children into your ranks; and if you have, to any extent, the setting on fire of the souls of the soldiers with love to God and man, it will be by the power of the Holy Ghost.

It is the coming near of God that you want. He is your remedy. Can you not hear your Saviour saying to you, as He did to His soldiers of old, "Ye shall be baptized with fire"? And did He not fulfil His promise to them? He is no respecter of persons. He wants to do the very same things; comrades, sing in faith—

"God of Elijah, hear! Send the fire! He'll make us fit to Send the fire! To burn up every To bring the light The revolution no! Send the fire!"

But a revival also comes by prayers and labors of God, I am always saying, and man in combination. give us the high honor of Him in this heavenly wonderful condescension! He is always saying, "Oh more and more! But will for the privilege of being Him, mind you discharge to your lot, and that with..."

If, then, you want a revival, you have something to do a right to expect it. Go to do His work. You could try. But He does ask you...

How to Get a Revival.

BY THE GENERAL.

(This article from our General's pen is so important, and so applicable in its bearing on the present blessed desire that has been created throughout our ranks for a revival, that we earnestly ask every Salvationist to read and ponder it in the spirit of ready obedience.)

Am I right in supposing that in your hearts, my comrades, there has been awakened a desire for a revival? Perhaps a blessed soul-saving work has already begun, and, in the meetings outside and in, you are singing—

"The heavenly gales are blowing,
The cleansing stream is flowing,
Beneath its waves I'm going,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!"

If so, I thank God. But if not, I hope you are longing for it to be so.

Oh the joy of revival! Beyond question, by far the happiest seasons of my life have been spent among the sights and sounds and other marvelous results of divine revivals. May God speedily send you a similar joy! How are you to obtain such a blessed and divine visitation in your corps? This is what I want to show you.

And, first, I want to remind you of the truth that a revival is the work of the Holy Spirit. From first to last, it is God who saves. If you have any mighty influence that moves the hearts and wills of the ungodly around you; if you have any people smitten down with a sense of their guilt; if you have any great gatherings of men and women and children into your ranks, and if you have, to any extent, the setting on fire of the souls of the soldiers with love to God and man, it will be by the power of the Holy Ghost.

It is the coming near of God that you want. He is your remedy. Can you not hear your Saviour saying to you, as He did to His soldiers of old, "Ye shall be baptized with fire"? And did He not fulfil His promise to them? He is no respecter of persons. He wants to do the very same things for you. So, my comrades, sing in faith—

"God of Elijah, hear our cry,
Send the fire!
He'll make us fit to live or die,
Send the fire!
To burn up every trace of sin,
To bring the light and glory in,
The revolution now begin,
Send the fire!"

But a revival also comes about through the prayers and labors of God's people. Salvation, I am always saying, is the work of God and man in combination. He has chosen to give us the high honor of being partners with Him in this heavenly transaction. What wonderful condescension! How can we sufficiently thank Him? Oh, let us praise Him more and more! But while you praise Him for the privilege of being a co-worker with Him, mind you discharge the duty which falls to your lot, and that with all your might.

If, then, you want a revival in your corps, you have something to do before you have a right to expect it. God does not ask you to do His work. You could not if you were to try. But He does ask you to do your own.

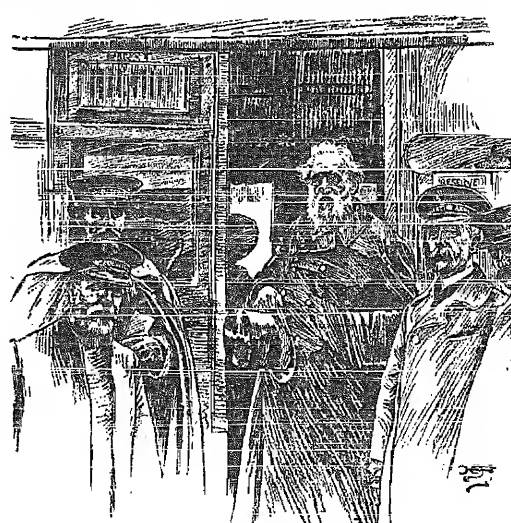
You can do that. Let me point out in what it consists.

First, you must feel your need. How must you make yourself feel? Open your eyes and look around you, and what you will see will be enough to pierce and melt a heart of stone.

Are not some of your comrades cold and indifferent—some of them being little short of backsliders in heart? What a pity!

Are not some of your meetings miserably attended, while the people, to any number, are to be found in the drinking establishments, or in places of amusement, or spending their time in idleness?

Is not the majority of the population around you crowding the road to ruin? Oh, my God! How will you meet them again at the Day of Judgment?



The General's Last Photograph in London.

Four minutes before the train started out of Victoria Station for Dover, taking General Booth on his great world voyage, the General was good enough to stand amid his staff in order that this photograph might be taken by the Morning Leader photographer.

Are there not flocks of poor, wretched backsliders hanging round your doors or living under the very shadow of your halls? Oh, think, think, think what they once were—what they might have been—what they are going to be unless you can get them rescued and restored.

Look at these things. Look at the Great White Throne—the rising dead—the glories of heaven and the pains of hell—until your head swims and your heart breaks, and you can weep over a dying world; and then you will feel that you must have a revival, or die in the effort to obtain it.

Secondly, you must see the possibility of a revival in your own corps. There are lots of people amongst us who can believe without difficulty for great awakenings, mighty sweeps of power, for other corps, who are full of doubts and fears as to whether the same can or will ever come to theirs.

Now, you must have faith for the coming of the Holy Spirit to you, or you will not be likely to pray and toil and deny yourself to bring it about.

However can you doubt God's willingness to bless you? Think of His great heart of

love; ponder over Christ's sufferings to save; remember the Holy Spirit's ceaseless strivings for the express purpose of bringing about a revival. Oh, I am sure that you can be quite certain that He is willing to visit you.

But if you still have doubts about the possibility of a revival in your corps, get your faith strengthened and your expectations raised by reading about God's goodness to your comrades in other places. Oh, how often my heart has been stirred, and my hopes have been fired, in the days gone by, by the stories of the outpourings of the Holy Ghost, and the glorious results that have followed in different parts of the world.

Read for yourselves, my comrades, in the War Cry about the hallelujah events that are happening amongst us, and which have been brought about by means that are within the reach of the soldiers and officers of every corps in the land.

Mercy and Justice.

(To our frontispiece.)

"A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none.

"Then said he unto the dresser of the vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none; cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

"And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it; and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down."

What a picture for man to behold! Divine justice on one hand, ready to destroy the creature which has not fulfilled the purpose of its existence; divine mercy on the other hand, staying the arm outstretched for the execution of the demands of justice, to give the condemned one more chance. But not only to give one more chance to redeem the past, but ready to help towards that end, ready to dig up the hard soil, that air and moisture and fertilizer may reach the roots to stimulate the production of fruit.

How often are we tempted to exclaim, "Let him go, he is past help. Ungrateful by nature, he will never make anything. He has no stability. He has rewarded our care by backslidings only."

May the compassionate spirit of the Master help us to exhaust all possible means to save a soul before we give up hope. Let us diligently search for the lost jewel of the divine in the mire of sin and selfishness of the human heart, and a diligent, loving search will be generally rewarded.

May our mission ever be clearly before us. We are called—not to judge and condemn—but to seek and to save. Thus, indeed, shall we truly represent our Master to all we come in touch with.—E.

THE SPECIAL
Easter Number
OF
The War Cry
(NEXT ISSUE)
WILL PLEASE YOU.

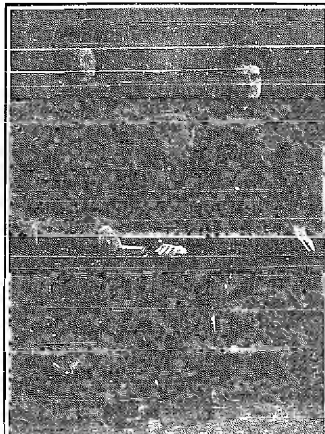
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The Pacific Province.

VANCOUVER, B.C.
4 Souls.

Praise God, the revival is still going on and souls are getting saved. We have had four for the week. Last Thursday our meeting was led by the Staff of the Rescue Home, when we had the pleasure of welcoming to our midst Lieutenant Chatterton, fresh from the Training Home, who has been appointed to assist in the Rescue work. Saturday night we had with us Rev. Mr. McLeod, the Halcyon Baptist, one of the local ministers, who read to us from the Word of God some very encouraging



Adj. and Mrs. Dowell and Their Daughter.

words, Sunday we had with us Staff-Capt. Newcombe, enroute to Japan, who gave us a very good account of God's working in Japan through the Salvation Army. We finished up with one soul in the fountain. We are going on in the strength of God against the hosts of sin. God is with us helping and blessing us. We shall be having an enrolment in the near future, when quite a number will be taking their stand for God and the Army. Watch for greater things from Vancouver.—The Fighting Parson.

SPOKANE, Wash.
6 Souls.

Last Saturday night a dear brother, thoroughly disgusted with the life he was leading, came to the mercy seat and asked God to save and keep him. At the close of Sunday morning's holiness service six precious souls came forward to the penitent form. Five of this number (including a young man and his dear wife) volunteered for field service, saying they felt the dear Lord had called them to be S. A. officers. They each promised to go anywhere and do anything for Jesus and the salvation of poor, lost souls. Halcyon. Sunday night a dear sister became reconciled to God, and said her life henceforth would be spent in doing His blessed will. Tuesday night (soldiers' meeting) eleven dear comrades, kneeling side by side, asked their blessed Redeemer to give them more faith and holy courage, and to make them thoroughly established in His service. Wednesday night Ensign Shanley, G. B. M. Agent, gave a stereopticon service entitled, "Charlie Coulson, the Drummer Boy." There was a splendid lesson and moral to be learned from it. The barracks was crowded. The Ensign is quite a favorite here, and has many friends. Capt. Long's stay with us was short, still we feel all the better for the two or three weeks he spent with us. She has gone to Billings, Mont. May the dear Lord bless her efforts, in our prayer.—Old Joe.

North-West Province.

CALGARY.

We have ample reason to believe that there is love and unity in our western camps. The facts are proof for themselves, for our beloved Drummer politely and without time for comment last Wednesday night was married. Thursday night he appeared at band practice as usual. Did we bounce him, do you ask? Well, we did our best to. The band and corps join in congratulations. We now doff our hats to Brother and Sister Wright.—R. C., P. A. C.

DAUPHIN. On Thursday, March Brigadier Burditt's Visit. 10th, we had Brigadier Burditt, our Provincial Officer, with us, and I tell you we had a good red-hot Gospel meeting. We say, "God bless the Brigadier. Come again and stay awhile." On Saturday, 19th, we rejoiced in another good time. We had with us the mighty Spirit of the living God. The devil was there, too, but he retired, and did not stay to fight a rear guard action either. We finished a hard-fought battle with two souls at the cross.—Kuffir Chief.

BRANDON'S BULLETIN.

It stands for Brandon, whose blood-and-fire banner blows in the beautiful, balmy, prairie, heavenly breezes, bringing blessing beyond compare to the Brandon braves plucked from the burning, who are hounded for souls, who have buckled on the breastplate, are enjoying billows of brightness, and are busy fighting the foe. "Blow ye the trumpet, blow."

God reigns, and His batteries are besieging, bursting, and burning down barriers. Staff-Capt. Taylor brought brightness and bounteous blessing. Bible lesson like a big blow from a battle-axe, laying bare base sins, and bidding saints and sinners beware. Timely warning to all, especially parents. Bright, brisk, brief testimonies by dozens. Jerseys, texts, Rules and Regulations, and badges sold. More wanted. Faith, hope, and charity bind comrades closer, betokens blessing, and must baffle Satan. Fifty-three on platform, forty-three on march; thirty-seven at knee-drill. Chains broken. Best blessings and benefits bestowed by Babe of Bethlehem. Souls saved. Drunkard born again. Four bawky backsliders brought back and receive balustrade, now battling boldly for God, filling a breach.

"Be not faithless, but believing."—John H. Wilson, War Cry Correspondent.

With the T. H. Principal.

BRIGADIER TAYLOR AND THE CADETS AT LISGAR STREET.

To Lisgar Street has fallen the honor of being the first corps at which the officers of the Training Home Province met in council, and Wednesday, March 22nd, will be remembered by all present as a time of great blessing and help. There was none of that "starchiness" which sometimes characterizes meetings of a similar description, as the officers related to one another their experiences, and at the same time extended a welcome to their new Provincial Officers, Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor. Everyone realized as they listened to the Brigadier's burning message the importance of life, and the immense value of the opportunities which hourly came their way, and they pledged themselves to more desperate fighting in the service of God.

After tea, which Adj. and Mrs. Hyde so kindly provided, the visiting officers and soldiers of the corps, together with a reinforcement of fifty Cadets from the Training College, held some good open-air, and then marched back to the barracks, where a rousing meeting was soon under way.

Several stirring testimonies were given by the Cadets. One Cadet, of Spanish extraction, announced himself as a "converted defying-the-devil Christian man," while another, a Russian, mentioning the fact that thousands of his countrymen were dying at that time, pleaded with the soldiers to rise up and help the thousands of souls who are dying in Toronto. Songs, both vocal and instrumental, were included in the program, and the Cadets' String Band delighted the audience with a splendid selection.

An earnest appeal from the lips of Mrs. Brigadier Taylor made way for the heart-searching address of the Brigadier, and the feeling of solemnity which pervaded the place was intensified as the Cadets sang softly the beautiful words—

"Oh, Calvary; oh, Calvary; the cross, the crown, the spear,
'Tis there Thy love, my Jesus, in flowing wounds appear;
Oh, depth of love and mercy, to those dear wounds I flee;
I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus died for me."

Before the close of the meeting four souls had been added to the number who could say of a truth, "I was a guilty sinner, but Jesus pardoned me."

G. B. M. NOTES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

After leaving Hamilton I arrived at Aurora. Lieut. Varnell was holding the fort, as the Captain had been home on account of sickness. I was a little under the weather myself, but we pitched in and had a very good time.

Newmarket was my next appointment. Here I met Mrs. Brigadier Pickering and Capt. Lamb faithfully tolling away. We had a blessed week-end. Mrs. Bowerman had all her G. B. M. boxes collected in, and ordered more.

Barrie is all right. This is the spot where Adj. Newman is located. He was telling me of the revival that had started. We praise God for it, we had an excellent time here. A good crowd turned out to the lantern service. I went to a few hotels to collect some of our box-money. I came across a commercial traveler who was greatly interested in our work. He said, "I count it a great honor to contribute to your boxes."

Stroud was not left out, although we didn't have such a large turnout as expected, but those who were there fully appreciated the service.

The next morning I started for Toronto, arriving at the Temple in good time for the evening meeting. Capt. Parker, of the Bioscope Brigade, kindly manipulated the slides on his machine, which showed the pictures to great advantage.

At Lippincott I spent a glorious week-end. The crowds were good. Finances for the week-end nearly \$25. I secured two Agents—Sister Mrs. See and Bro. J. Jordan.

At Esther St. Capt. and Mrs. Walker are stationed, and we had an enjoyable evening together.

Adj. Hyde told me he was expecting a good crowd at Lisgar St., and sure enough the place was packed. It was rather difficult to keep the children quiet, but we managed it by having some singing. Sister Mrs. Albert's box-money amounted to nearly \$5.

I had the pleasure of spending a week-end at Dovercourt. Ensign Cornish, the officer in charge, secured a large crowd for the lantern service. Bandmaster Packham favored us with a cornet solo, playing "Robin Adair" in three octaves. The audience was greatly pleased with the meeting.—T. Bloss, Ensign.

Some Eastern Saws.

WHAT I SAW AND HEARD AROUND ST. JOHN.

I saw seventy-eight souls come to the cross in the Commissioner's meetings.

I heard a man say that the Commissioner's burning utterances struck a chord in his heart which had never before been touched.

I saw a report of the Evangeline Home and Hospital for the present year. The work done was a marvelous accomplishment. The officers are to be congratulated.

I heard that Major Phillips and Staff-Capt. Turpin were going to England to represent the Eastern Province in connection with the 1,000 immigrants who are coming to this country through the agency of the Salvation Army.

I saw Adj. Cooper, the St. John D. O., slip past me about ten times in one day, and was too busy to scarcely look up. The Commissioner's visit was occupying his attention. He's a hustler.

I saw Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Sharp lead a gigantic musical cyclone at No. 1, when about one-half of the officers in the Province took part. One soul came to God.

I saw some of the best descriptive articles of the Commissioner's recent great meetings in this city that could be seen. The five daily papers of St. John have our sincere thanks for the very much space given us this year.

I heard that a special campaign loop is going to be formed to tour the Province as the Red-Hot Brigade. Soul-saving is the main object.

I saw the Commissioner and Lieut.-Colonel Pugsley do a kind of horn-pipe on the platform of the York Theatre. It's no wonder, for souls volunteered from the back of the building to the penitent form.

I saw the Men's Shelter so full one night that the reading-room had to be brought into action.

I heard that the winter campaign Siege had resulted in a magnificent total of souls.

I both heard and saw the Commissioner at a farewell tea at the White House, when all the Provincial Staff drank in the divine truths that fell from his lips. We are running over yet.

I have not heard, neither have I seen, but I am sure that my soul is being daily lifted heavenward, and that my consecration is sticking its roots downwards.—Burning Bush.

NEXT WEEK!

THE EASTER
WAR CRY.

FIVE CENTS.

GAVE HIS LIFE FOR A COMPANION.

A brave attempt at rescue ended in a double drowning fatality at Long Lake, Wellington, B.C., recently, David Haggart and Sidney Morrison, aged 13 and 19 respectively, being the victims. Haggart, in company with a number of young lads, attempted to cross on the ice, which broke about a hundred yards from the shore. All reached the bank with the exception of young Haggart, who clung to the ice. Morrison, who was skating on the lake, rushed to his assistance with a ladder, plunged into the water and held up Haggart for three hours, but finally had to let him go, both being exhausted. Donald Morrison, coming up and seeing his brother's plight, jumped into the water, got him on his back, and swam with him to shore. All attempts to resuscitate Sidney Morrison proved futile, three hours' exposure proving too much for him. Haggart's body was recovered an hour later. The victims were sons of two prominent merchants of Wellington, who were witnesses of the fatality. Donald Morrison in very ill as a result of his efforts to save his brother.



Our Leaders.

Commissioner Higgins recently conducted the stone-laying ceremony of a new Training Home at Bapatla.

Commissioner Oliphant has just returned from Königsberg and Breslau, Germany, where his meetings resulted in the conversion of twenty-two men and women.

Lieut.-Colonel Rauch, on his journey to Colon, in the Panama Isthmus, conducted a meeting on the boat with three hundred "deckers" who were on their way to the Canal zone.

Commissioner McKie has organized a Territorial Praying League throughout the Territory. He calls upon Salvationists and Christian friends to unite daily from 12 o'clock to 12.30 in special prayer for a revival. Already there are signs that in many directions a great harvest of souls is about to be reaped.

Commander Booth-Tucker is at present on the American continent in the interests of colonization. The Commander will be able to render Mr. Rider Haggard valuable aid in his investigations respecting the Army's land colonies.

Mr. Haggard, we are pleased to learn, has met with a most kind reception, and has found on all hands the greatest sympathy with the efforts of the Army to place suitable people on the land. President Roosevelt, with whom Mr. Haggard dined when in Washington, was most cordial, and dinners at the British Embassy there gave him another opportunity of learning how many are the friends of this work.

Commissioner Cosandey has had fifty-seven souls during his campaign at Havre.

Commissioner Cosandey is also able to report that a long lease has been taken of a beautiful hall situated on the Boulevard, in the very heart of Paris. This building was to have been opened on April 4th. The Army will possess two of the finest religious halls in "the gay city."

There is an interesting story connected with the new hall, which has been leased to us at a very moderate rental by one of the leading restaurant keepers in the capital. At one time this gentleman was a waiter in a London hotel, but he afterwards became very reduced in circumstances. When in that condition the Salvation Army gave him a cup of tea. He never forgot that kindness.

Lieut.-Colonel Roussel, who appears to have remained behind in Jerusalem, states that the spiritual awakening following the General's meetings continues to spread.

Commissioner Cox, of England, recently presented over a dozen "Out-of-Love Bibles" to girls who have passed through our Bristol Rescue Home, and who have, since leaving, paid back the cost of their reclamation.

Commissioner Ridsdel has been compelled, owing to the great distress in Norway by the failure of the fishing in the north, and the general bad harvest, to render assistance to the poor. In Christiania alone it is estimated that there are 12,000 men out of work, and Commissioner Ridsdel describes their circumstances as heart-rending.

These unemployed in the capital recently sent a deputation to the national Parliament, and their committee have also called at our Territorial Headquarters for advice.

Commissioner Ridsdel promptly took steps to deal with the situation, and has opened a relief fund, to which the Chief of the Staff has contributed 2,000 kroner. Already 450 fam-

ilies living in Christiania have been provided with food for one week, thus relieving the needs of about 2,700 men, women, and children. A hundred unmarried people have also received a dinner every day.

A STRANGE QUESTION.

A gentleman wrote to Headquarters, London, Eng., a short time ago, and asked if the Secretary would be good enough to tell him if the work of the Army continued in the absence of General Booth, as he had a donation to send in. The gentleman's doubt was at once removed.

NAVAL AND MILITARY HOME.

During twelve months our Naval and Military Home at Port of Spain, Trinidad, has provided over 2,000 beds and 3,300 cheap meals. Such is the good influence of this splendid institution that it is better patronized than any of the drinking saloons.



Some of Our Native Soldiers of Alaska.
Walter and Mrs. Williams, Killisnoo; George and Mrs. Paul Douglas.

A VISIT TO THE LEPERS.

Commissioner Richards recently arranged for members of the Headquarters Staff, Cape Town, to visit Robin Island, when hundreds of disease-stricken sufferers derived much enjoyment. It appears that a few months before a company from Headquarters, with the Cape Town I. Band, visited Robbin Island for the purpose of holding meetings with the unfortunates congregated there. So much enjoyment was derived from the same that an urgent invitation was given to come again, and a promise made by our Headquarters Staff in South Africa, that as soon as possible this would be complied with, hence the visit.

The report goes on to say, "It is only right to say that there is evidenced, on the part of the attendants, every desire to make the lot of the patients as pleasant as is possible, and that they are treated with the utmost kindness. They are not criminals, neither are they treated in any way as such. It has been considered necessary, for the good of society at large, that they should be separated from contact with their fellows, but they seem to receive, as it is only proper they should, every possible consideration."

PICTURES OF THE HOLY LAND.

In addition to photographs, cinematographic views were taken of the chief events in the General's tour to Jerusalem, a special operator having been sent out by arrangement with the Walturdaw Company, 3 Dean St., London, who work in conjunction with our Trade Headquarters.

Some magnificent pictures have been obtained, amongst these being the disembarkation at Jaffa, the reception at Jerusalem, scenes in Gethsemane, the demonstration on Mount Calvary, and views descriptive of Eastern life and customs.

THE S. A. WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Acting-Commissioner Richards, during his recent tour through South Africa, traveled 5,729 miles by train, oxcart, and in the saddle. He conducted 104 meetings, at which 288 people professed salvation.

While inspecting our native work at Em-lungsweni, the Commissioner was asked to hold a meeting at a neighboring kraal, but it was found that the inhabitants had gone away to take part in a "beer drink." The officers decided to follow them, and upon reaching the spot they found from fifty to sixty men and women sitting round the tub containing the beer. Nearly all were in an advanced stage of intoxication. One drinking utensil—a paraffin-oil tin—served for the whole company, it being passed from hand to hand round the circle.

Permission was sought from the "Isibonda" (headman) to hold a meeting, and this was immediately granted. Thereupon all the natives left their beer, and the closest attention was paid to the whole service, not one venturing to interrupt in any way.

INTERESTING PARS FROM GERMANY.

The Mayor and Town Council of Remscheid are to hand over an empty school to the Army, and have promised financial assistance if we agree to use the building as a Men's Shelter.

While on tour in the South of Germany, Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant had a pleasant talk with Princess von Schaumburg, who spoke very kindly of our work.

At Berlin a thousand people attended a special meeting held in connection with the Self-Denial effort. At the close there was a remarkable scene, no less than thirty-two people coming forward publicly to obtain salvation. Several large halls in the capital have been taken for a special soul-saving campaign during April.

VILLAGERS CONVERTED.

At Commissioner Cadman's recent soul saving campaign at Cardiff, some half-a-dozen villagers from the neighboring rural hamlet of Dinas Powis were converted.

Only one Salvationist resided there. To him, therefore, they appealed to commence meetings on Army lines. A cottage was lent for the purpose, and several conversions took place.

Open-air meetings were then started, and the nucleus of a thriving corps, numbering a score of persons, has been gathered.

THE RIGHT PLACE.

Two gentlemen went down from London to Wales that they might "see the revival."

On alighting at a little railway station, they asked the ticket-collector if he could tell them where the revival was.

Placing his hand on his heart, he said, "Gentlemen, it is here."

CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE.

Could I see my name written in the Lamb's Book of Life, I would not take it as so good an evidence as having His law written and engraven on my heart.

The Way of the WORLD

The season's tide of emigration fully set in when the White Star liner Cedric took 1,040 Irish from Queenstown for America. The total arrivals of immigrants at Ellis Island for last week has numbered over 26,000.

Foreign Minister Delcasse has transmitted to two little girls of Dijon exquisite gold brooches, set with diamonds, from Emperor Nicholas. The children embroidered a dainty lavette for the baby heir to the Russian throne.

A revolutionary band of 600 persons demanding Greek rule, and which has been active for some days, fired on Cretan gendarmes at Canea, Island of Crete, seriously wounding two of them. Cretan reinforcements are expected from Candia.

President Roosevelt has issued a proclamation inviting the nations of the earth to be represented by their military organizations and naval vessels at the celebration to be held in the vicinity of Jamestown, Virginia, from May 13th until November, 1907.

King Edward has decided not to go direct to Copenhagen, as previously planned, to be present at the celebration of King Christian's birthday, April 8th. When His Majesty leaves England, April 6th, he will go to Mar-seilles.

Wisconsin has passed a law prohibiting the sale and manufacture of cigarettes.

A reign of terror has broken out in the Caucasus, and Poland may rise in rebellion.

The Tabard Inn Corporation, of Philadelphia, has been placed in the hands of a receiver.

The North Pole Commission declares the members of the Baron Toli arctic expedition are all dead.

Farmers of the United States are warned by the Secretary of Agriculture that their wheat fields are failing.

Pennsylvania coal miners may go out at the end of the month, having failed to reach an agreement regarding wages.

The members of the Panama Canal Commission have been asked to tender their resignations by President Roosevelt.

The Social Revolutionist party of Russia has passed sentence of death upon the Czar, the Dowager Empress, and thirty high personages.

Acting Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs Tittoni announced to the Italian Parliament that the whole Cabinet had resigned, leaving the King free to form a new Ministry, and that His Majesty had reserved his decision.

Plans for the aerial navigation tournament were concluded with the Lewis & Clark Exposition Company at Portland, Ore., and aeronauts from all over the country are to be invited to participate.

Hulputa Micco, chief of the Seminole Indians, is dead, at the age of 75 years. Micco served in the Federal army during the civil war, with a band of his tribesmen. He became a Baptist minister several years ago.

A great landslide has occurred at Semlin, Hungary. A squadron of soldiers who went to the rescue of a buried woman suffered severely, eight of their number being killed and nineteen injured.

Chief of Police Wittman, a sergeant and two patrolmen, of San Francisco, have been dismissed from the police force on account of their failure to suppress gambling in Chinatown.

The Commercial Cable Co. has announced the restoration of the Indo-European lines to Turkey, Persia, India, and the far East.

The Standard Oil Co. cut the price of crude oil for the Kansas field, affecting all grades of oil, two cents.

William Marconi and his bride are passengers on the Campania, which sailed from Liverpool for New York.

During French naval manœuvres off Toulon harbor torpedo boat No. 250 sank. Her crew was saved.

The provincial mints in China have been issuing unlimited quantities of debased copper currency, whereby officials have profited to the extent of 18,000,000 taels annually. As a result of this debasement of the currency a financial collapse is threatened.

Kurds are raiding the Armenians, who are reported to be on the verge of starvation.

Governor MacGregor in his speech from the throne, at the opening of the Newfoundland Legislature, on March 31st, said that for the last four years the colony's favorable balance of trade had averaged over a million and a quarter dollars annually. Everything indicated the continuance of prosperity. The fisheries have brought large returns, and the prices have been the highest for years, except in the whale fisheries, overproduction in which depressed prices. Mining and lumber had also shown good results. The Governor also announced a surplus of revenue for the last fiscal year and also in the current year, despite the reduction of \$200,000 in taxation last session.

The report of the Calgary and Edmonton Railway Company states that the sales during the year amounted to 92,047 acres, realizing \$414,455, against 129,975 acres in 1903, realizing \$535,329. The total quantity sold to the end of 1904 was 493,048 acres, leaving unsold a balance of 306,431 acres. Remittances from the company's agents has enabled the directors to redeem the whole of the outstanding balance of 4 1/2 per cent. debentures. The profit for the year was £40,681, compared with £30,174 last year.

A man recently arrested in the U. S. A. on another charge, confessed that it was he who was responsible for the blowing up of the Maine, which was the incident that marked the outbreak of the Spanish-American War. He says the infernal machine was intended for a Spanish man-o-war, but by mistake found its way to the Maine. It is doubtful whether the confession is truthful, or the mere boast of a deranged criminal.

The Hamburg money lottery, of Hamburg, Germany, has been excluded from the use of the United States mails. The evidence on which the concern was debarred from the mails was in the form of circulars showing that it was a money lottery, pure and simple.

The Prince and Princess Arisugawa and suite have departed from Tokio for Germany, and the press expresses the hope that their visit will increase the growing feeling of confidence and respect between the two countries.

The Belgian newspapers say that a reconciliation will be effected between King Leopold and his two daughters, the Princesses Louise and Clementine, during the King's coming visit to the Riviera.

Prince Yee, of Korea, the first titled visitor from that country to Canada, passed through Winnipeg on his way to Washington.

The Victoria Falls bridge, on the line of the Cape to Cairo Railway, has been completed. It is the highest bridge in the world.

Police in Warsaw fired on a Jewish mob, killing four and wounding forty others.

For the nine months of the fiscal year the United States Treasury deficit is \$24,478,138.

Chinese miners at Krugersdorp, Transvaal, struck, and the police were called out to restore order.

Chevalier Marconi, at New York, stated that he had moved the Glace Bay wireless station inland at the request of the Canadian and British authorities, who wanted it to be out of gunfire range in case of war.

THE BLESSING OF AFFLICTION.

We shall have to bless God for the storm that heaves us, wave after wave, into the harbor of eternal rest. We shall have more to do to bless God for what He denies us than for what He gives us. Let the Lord choose my lot, and let me be contented with it.

The Springhill Revival.

1st.—What Led Up to the Revival.

My answer is very simple, but I want to emphasize it. We saw the crying need—not merely for the Army's sake, but for Jesus' sake, and the people's sake, we wanted to see them saved. Seeing and feeling the need, we set to work, praying, visiting, and holding on until the answer came.

2nd.—When and How it Began.

It began last November, and, with the exception of a week or ten days' lull, there has been a steady procession of people to the cross nearly every night. It began in a little soldiers' meeting—a re-consecration meeting, simple in character, yet sincere in spirit. God, for Christ's sake, accepted the offering, and the fire started brighter than ever.

The Siege came on, and we were almost insulted at the small targets our big-hearted, lenient P. O. gave us. So we set some for ourselves, such as instead of the given target of 25, we set 125, and have gone over it for the Siege, and have two weeks yet. Hallelujah!

Results.

So far since the Siege about 140 souls have been out for salvation. Over 20 of these were on the roll. We will enrol, including seven transfers, 40 new soldiers anyway. Some have gone to their churches, and have our blessing, for they believe their place is there.

We are getting ten, and perhaps more, Candidates; together with five Corps-Cadets at least.

Our platform is entirely too small, and it is a common occurrence to turn from 100 to 200 people away from the barracks.

Last night we opened an outpost about a mile away, and the prospects are very bright indeed for a good soul-saving time.

I feel the junior and B. O. L. revival is as great, if not better, than the senior.

Junior roll increased from 60 to 100. Attendance for last month over 100 average.

We have got a new library; a grand lot of new Bibles; finances four times what they were.

Number of classes increased from seven to fourteen, including a grand Bible class with about twenty-five attendance.

The Band of Love and junior salvation meetings have been marvelous in their results, spiritually and numerically.

A great number of the juniors have been saved, and five Corps-Cadets have applied.

The roll has increased from 45 to 73 paying members. The week-night attendance is more than three times what it was when the Siege began.

We have good faith for 35 soldiers enrolled for the Siege, with ten Candidates and five Corps-Cadets. This is only the beginning of things. God is going to give us a good summer campaign.—John McElheney, Ensign.

TEMPLE TRIUMPHS.

The special campaign of Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin continues to be very successful. At the largely-attended knee-drill one man, who had been a prisoner for twelve years, gave himself to Christ and during the day testified to the Saviour's power to save. Eight seekers at the holiness meeting and eight at night brought the total to seventeen for the day, and, strange to say, there were seventeen recruits enrolled a few days ago.—W. C. A.

PETERBORO ABLAZE.

Sunday was a triumphant day. One man, who almost lost hope, found salvation.

Ensign Owen addressed the Sunday School and thirteen juniors sought the Saviour.

Monday night was the climax. Twenty-four men and women knelt at the mercy seat. The place was filled with divine unction. Officers of the District to the front, and delivered soul-saving addresses.

Adj. Jennings is to be congratulated on the success of the campaign, and a large number have been added to the roll.—Landser.



shore," and our bereaved comrade, Secretary Crogan, struggling through his sorrow, stood to his feet to testify to his faith and confidence in God. "A faithful wife and a true mother has been taken from me. I feel grief-stricken, but my hope is in the living God, and I mean to be true and meet my precious wife on the other shore, where parting is no more."
—M. S. L.

LOW DIET FOR STRENGTH

In the same lecture Dr. Chittenden advises cutting down the food consumption, and recommended the Yale boys to imitate the Japs, who eat to live, and do not make their dinners their highest pleasure.

Our united prayers ascend for the stricken husband in his hour of sore bereavement. May the supporting arms of Jehovah strengthen and uphold him.

"Comrade, far well;
Thy race is run, and thou hast reached the heavenly
goal,
Safe from the stormy billows, where the surges cease
to roll.
Our steps shall never falter till the battle we have
won,
And then on sea or glass we'll meet to hear the glad
"Well done!"
—Sherard A. Brown.

Victoria, B.C.—Our ranks have been broken, and a faithful soldier has been called to her reward. Sister Crogan was converted many years ago, in the Northwest, at the Army penitentiary form, and immediately took her stand as a soldier. On coming to the Coast, seven years ago, she married Bro. Crogan, our present Secretary, and here in Victoria her life was counted for the Master's sake. She had a fair chance to live, but through circumstances prevented her attending meetings often, she possessed the Salvationist's spirit. It is just three months ago that our departed comrade began to fall in health. She thought it was weakness from a gripe, but a cancer was doing its steady work. We visited her frequently, especially towards the last, and always found her cheerful and ready to do her duty. She was anxious to leave her two little girls, but she said she could trust the Lord to look after them.

Tuesday morning the call came, she was very weak, and her sister bending over her said, "Are you waiting for Jesus to come, Nellie?" Her face lit up with a heavenly smile, and she whispered, "No, I am not waiting; Jesus is waiting to carry me over." Then calling her dear husband to her, she bade him good-bye, and then Jesus stooped down and carried her over.

The funeral service took place Friday afternoon, from the hall, which was appropriately decorated with evergreen and white streamers. Adj. Nelson conducted the service, taking for his text, "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me." Several of the comrades testified to the faithfulness of Sister Crogan as a soldier, and her wonderful trust in God in every detail of her everyday duties. The march to the cemetery was an impressive one. The band played "The Star Spangled Banner" through the winding streets of the city. Many friends and comrades turned out to pay their just respects to one who had lived the Christian life amongst them.

Sunday night was the memorial service. Mrs. Adj. Nelson sang, "Fading away to the unseen

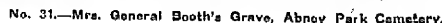
DISEASES OF THE EYE.—(Continued.)

There is considerable misapprehension as to the proper light required for the eyes. Sunlight is just as necessary and proper for the eye as food is for the stomach; but the eye can be injured by the excess as well as by the deficiency of light, just as the stomach can be by the deficiency of food. The eye may be injured by long exclusion from daylight, as occurs when they are bound up for a long time, or when colored spectacles are worn. In such cases the eyes acquire an unusual degree of opacities so that the individual cannot distinguish objects in what is called total darkness. In such cases the eyes are restored to daylight, much caution must be used to prevent injury.

Impairment of the vision may occur likewise from the sudden reflection of bright sunlight into the eye by means of a mirror, as is often done by children at play. The reflection of the sun from the surface of snow or of the water has occasioned serious injury to the eyes.

Several considerations become evident from these facts. It is to be remembered that the position of the eye-brows and the arrangement of the lids is such as to protect the eyes from light which comes from above, but to leave them unprotected from that which comes from below. Hence low windows are disadvantageous, unless provided with blinds that draw up rather than down, in order to shut off the light from the lower part of the window.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS SEEN IN THE STEREOPTICON



Winnipeg

Trade

Our

The Duke of Norfolk, who had been in the death a secret till he was taken prisoner in England. The poet was being done in by the Duke of Norfolk, who begged that she might be crowned; but she could not father and husband on making her sit as a queen in the city of London.

But as soon as the riding toward London to be the right quays by Dudley, the wharves even Northumberland hat and cry, "God husband were safe by them if their However, the people Mary began to have and put Archbishop favored Jane. She thought all her be wrong. She wanted she engaged herself cousin, Philip II. she was a middle-spirited; and he was gloomy temper, so that All her best friends hated the notion as played at the queen

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FIGON.



WARM WEATHER.

We are reminded that warm weather is coming by several orders already reaching us for

Fawn Dress Goods and Fawn Hats.

Don't wait, and sweeter half the summer before you get a cool uniform, but send in your order at once.

What we say to the "Ladv" officers we extend to the men. The

\$15.00 Special Suit

has caught on so that we have nearly run out of these goods. Can't be beat at the price. Five suits ordered by yesterday's mail, and the same number by this morning's mail. "Get a move on," should apply to both customer and costumer. Come along, District Officer and Field Officer, get your soldiers in Regulation Uniform. Makes your corps show up well, and does credit to all concerned. We are extending the time of Special Offer to give you a chance.

Get the Headquarters Cut and Be Sure of the Right Thing

Band Instruments.

Winnipeg Band has demonstrated its confidence in the "Army Make" by a

\$2,000 ORDER.

We are doing a good business in this line, and know we can compete with any house in the trade. Beware of getting instruments through any other source, as there is a big difference in instruments, though they may look good. Besides, as the profit goes to help the war, and assist the officers, all interested should feel that THE PLACE TO GET YOUR INSTRUMENTS IS THROUGH HEADQUARTERS ONLY, WHICH IS ALSO THE REGULATION. Write for prices, etc.

Trade Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

Our History Class.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MARY I.—A.D. 1553-1558.

The Duke of Northumberland kept King Edward's death a secret till he had proclaimed Jane queen of England. The poor girl knew that a great wrong was being done in her name. She wept bitterly, and begged that she might not be forced to accept the crown; but she could do nothing to prevent it when her father and husband, and his father, all were bent on making her obey them; and so she had to sit as a queen in the royal apartments in the Tower of London.

But as soon as the news reached Mary, she set off riding toward London; and, as every one knew her to be the right queen, and no one would be tricked by Dudley, the whole of the people joined her, and even Northumberland was obliged to throw up his hat and cry, "God save Queen Mary." Jane and her husband were safely kept, but Mary meant no harm by them if their friends would have been quiet. However, the people became discontented when Mary began to have the Latin services used again, and put Archbishop Cranmer in prison for it, while she favored Jane. She showed in every way that she thought all her brother's advisers had done very wrong. She wanted to be under the Pope again, and she engaged herself to marry the King of Spain, her cousin, Phillip II. This was very foolish of her, for she was a middle-aged woman, pale and low-spirited; and he was much younger, and of a gloomy temper, so that every one was afraid of him. All her best friends advised her not, and the English hated the notion so much, that the little children played at the queen's wedding in their games, and

always ended by pretending to hang the King of Spain. Northumberland thought this discontent gave another chance for his plan, and tried to raise the people in favor of Jane; but so few joined them that Mary very soon put them down, and beheaded Northumberland. She thought, too, that the quiet of the country would never be secure while Jane lived, and so she consented to her being put to death. Jane behaved with beautiful firmness and patience. Her husband was led out first and beheaded, and then she followed. She was most good and innocent in herself, and it was for the faults of others that she suffered. Mary's sister, Elizabeth, was suspected, and sent to the Tower. She came in a boat on the Thames to the Traitor's Gate; but, when she found where she was, she sat down on the stone steps, and said, "This is a place for traitors, and I am none." After a time she was allowed to live in the country, but closely watched.

(To be continued.)

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Will our correspondents kindly bear in mind to write on one side of the paper only—on single loose sheets; never paste or stitch sheets together; number your pages; use black ink, and don't write too close together. This will help to prolong the life of the Editorial and Composer's Staff.

FOR SALE.

Slightly used Lachenal & Co's Patent Concertina, in excellent condition. Forty-eight keys with strong velvet lined box. Worth \$30. Owner will sell at great sacrifice. Address: Concertina, c.o. Editor of the War Cry, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, provided, and as far as possible, under wronged women, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Correspondence, Thomas H. Corbett, or Albert Street, Toronto, and mail. "Reply" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a responsibility of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

4776. SMITH, GEO. W. Medium size, fair complexion. Last heard of in Lindsay, Ont.

4777. SMITH, HENRY HELM. Rather stout; when last heard of was working with John Glendowning, near Lindsay.

4800. ADAMS, JOHN. Age 45; height, 5 ft. 6 in.; dark brown hair; grey eyes; accountant. Left Bristol, Eng., May, 1903. Last known to be in Toronto in July of the same year.

4804. LAKE, WILLIAM. Age 55; height, 6 ft.; dark complexion; brown eyes; English descent. Last heard from in Spokane, Wash., January, 1893. (American Cry please copy.)

4805. ADAMS, VICTOR. Age 19. Left Dauphin, Man., two years ago. When last heard from was working for the Canadian Northern as lineman, near Kamsack, Assa.

4809. BRIDGEMAN, ROBT. Son of William and Elizabeth Bridgeman; formerly a soldier in the British army; is supposed to have left the regiment March 26th, 1882, at Halifax. It will be to his advantage to communicate with us.

Second Insertion.

4737. The enquiry which appeared in this column for Abraham Samuels a few weeks ago should have read Samuel Abraham.

4786. PETERSEN, BRIK SEGER E. Age 23 years. Last known address, New Westminster, B.C. Is supposed to be working in connection with the railway.

4788. BARNES, CHARLES C. Age 38, black hair and mustache, height 5 ft. 11 in.; florist. Left Salisbury, Maryland, in 1895. May possibly be in Newcastle, N.B.

4793. ANDERSON, OLAF. Age 31; Swede. Has lived in Trompart City, Alaska. Last known address, Council City, Alaska, five years ago.

4758. YOUNG, ROBERT. Information wanted of Robert Young, who at one time belonged to the Salvation Army. Last heard of at Fairfield Plains, Ont.

4755. HOWELL, JANE CHARLOTTE. Some years ago worked at photography in Toronto; daughter of Edward Howell, formerly of Toronto, now in New Zealand.

EXCHANGE.

A number of American officers desire to exchange War Cry with Canadian officers or soldiers. To facilitate this we have opened up an Exchange Bureau in connection with the Editorial Office. Any officers or soldiers who wish to exchange with American comrades for the New York Cry are requested to send their names to the Editor, who will arrange for the exchange if possible.

IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to her office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets, to register. We are in a position to find the best situations, as well as to take a lady interest in girls whose home is outside the city, ready to assist them in all possible ways.

HELP FOR FARMERS.

The Salvation Army will undertake to bring out in the spring a large number of desirable immigrants from Great Britain, who wish to better their condition and eventually take up land themselves. They will comprise married and single men, and will be forwarded to the place of residence of the farmer who engages the same free of cost to the employer.

We would ask farmers who wish to secure help for the coming season to apply at once to the Immigration Department, Salvation Army, Albert St., Toronto, for further particulars.

Officers, soldiers and friends are kindly requested to bring this to the notice of any farmers whom they think desirous of engaging men.

WANTED!

Agents to solicit War Cry subscriptions in places where no Army corps is located. Liberal terms. Apply to the Editor, War Cry, James and Albert Sts., Toronto.

Songs of the Week

THE JUDGMENT DAY.

Tune.—My Sins are Under (N.B.B. 256).

1

God's anger now is turned away,
My sins are under the blood;
My darkness He has changed to day,
My sins are under the blood.

Chorus.

My sins, my sins are under the blood,
My guilt is gone, and my soul is free;
My peace, my peace is made with God,
For the Lord has pardoned me.

My doubts are gone, the past forgiven,
My title's clear, I'm bound for heaven.

How sweet the Lord's alone to be,
What joy to know He cleanses me.

When sorrow's waves around me roll,
In perfect peace He keeps my soul.

In every step His hand doth lead,
And He supplies my every need.

Tune.—Nothing but the Blood (N.B.B. 259).

2

Jesus, see me at Thy feet,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!
Thou alone my need canst meet,
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!

Chorus.

No, no; nothing do I bring,
But by faith I'm clinging
To Thy cross, O Lamb of God!
Nothing but Thy blood can save me!

See my heart, Lord, torn with grief,
Me unpardoned do not leave.

Dark indeed the past has been,
Yet in mercy take me in.

All that I can do is vain,
I can never remove a stain.

Lord, I cast myself on Thee,
From my guilt, oh, set me free.

PRODIGAL, COME.

Tune.—Send a Revival Again.

3

O prodigal child, far away from thy God,
The Saviour doth bid thee to come.
With sorrow and sin, oh, come unto Him,
O prodigal child, come home.

O prodigal child, come home,
O prodigal child, come home,
There's a welcome for thee, and a pardon so free,
O prodigal child, come home.

You had no one in your soul when you followed the Lord,
Why from His fold did you roam?

No longer delay, but come while you may,
O prodigal child, come home.

All heaven will rejoice and old comrades be glad
When back to the fold you will come;
The angels will sing and joy-bells will ring,
O prodigal child, come home.

Ensign McCann, Sen. Ont.

COME NOW.

Tune.—Shout ALOUD, Salvation Boys.

4

Sinner, come to Jesus now, He'll take away your sin;
Come confessing all your wrong, He'll freely take you in;
Come to Him without delay, you shall His favor win,
Oh, come to Him to-day for pardon.

Chorus.

Come now, come now, there's danger in delay;
Come now, come now, the gracious call obey;
The precious blood of Jesus flows, from sin to set you free,
Oh, come to Him to-day for pardon.

Backslider, turn again to God, your day will soon be past;
How dreadful if you turn away, your soul forever lost.

Come back again to your first love, come back again to God,
Oh, come to Him to-day for pardon.

God's mercy is for all who come, no one will be denied;
Whoever will may come and seek the Crucified;
Rich and poor, and old and young, may have the blood applied;
Oh, come to Him to-day for pardon.

—J. L. R. C. O. Louisburg, N.S.

5

Sinner, oh, come to Jesus
Before the Judgment Day.
And have your sins forgiven.
Soon you will pass away.
There you will meet your Maker,
He will your Judge then be,
What will you have to answer?
What shall the harvest be?

Tune.—Blue Bell.

Chorus.

Oh, come to Jesus, do not delay,
And be made ready for the Judgment Day.
Oh, come to Jesus, come right away,
And be made ready for the Judgment Day.

God, He is now your Father;
Christ, His beloved Son,
Has purchased your salvation;
Sinner, He's saying, "Come!"
If you'll accept His offer,
Salvation full and free,
Then you shall be made happy
Through all eternity.

Lieut. J. W. Piester, Carberry, Man.

OH, CALVARY.

Tune.—Sweet Genevieve!

6

Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary!
The birth of all my liberty;
I gaze upon the Son of God,
Who for my sins this pathway trod;
See love depleted on His face,
Expressions of compassion trace;
Dying to save a sin-bound race,
Oh, cruel sight—dark Calvary!

Chorus.

Oh, Calvary, dark Calvary!
No sweeter place on earth to me—
Where I can see my Saviour's face,
And glory in His saving grace.
Oh, Calvary.

See, hanging there this gentle Christ,
Oh, wondrous love—a gift unpriced;
Content to bear the grief and pain,
To lift a world from sin and shame.
Oh, ghastly scene of tragedy,
A Saviour dying on the tree;
Ne'er can I spurn this love to me,
I'll serve this Christ of Calvary.

See on His brow the thorny crown,
The precious blood is streaming down;
He bears it all—this heavy cross,
To save the world from deep remorse.
Great sacrifice to give His life,
To save man's soul from bitter strife;
How vast this love to you and me!
Oh, praise the Christ of Calvary!

Lieut. Bob Harvey, Wellington, N.Z.

Tunes—Innocents, N.B.B. 83; Nottingham, N.B.B. 85.

7

Time is earnest, passing by;
Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
Sinner, will thou rining be?
Time and death appeal to thee.

Life is earnest, when 'tis o'er,
Thou returnest never more;
Soon to meet eternity,
Will thou never serious be?

God is earnest, kneel and pray,
Ere thy season passes away;
Ere he set His judgment throne,
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

Christ is earnest, bids thee "Come,"
Paid thy spirit's priceless sum;
Will thou spurn thy Saviour's love,
Pleading with thee from above?

T. F. & APPOINTMENTS.

Ensign Blass.—Collingwood, April 12; Orillia, April 13; Midland, April 15, 16, 17; Gravenhurst, April 18; Bracebridge, April 19; Huntsville, April 20; Parry Sound, April 22, 23, 24; Burk's Falls, April 25; Sunbridge, April 26; Callender, April 27; North Bay, April 28, 29, 30; Sturgeon Falls, May 1; Sudbury, May 3, 4; Soo, Ont., May 6, 7, 8; Soo, Mich., May 9, 10; Gore Bay, May 12, 13, 14, 15; Little Current, May 16, 17, 18; Collingwood, May 21, 22; Barrie, May 23; Newmarket, May 24; Aurora, May 25.

Ensign Edwards.—Ottawa, April 20, 21; Ottawa, April 22, 23; Kemptville, April 24; Smith's Falls, April 25; Pembroke, April 26, 27; Tweed, April 28, 29, 30; May 1; Peterboro, May 2, 3; Millbrook, May 4; Manvers, May 5.

THE COMMISSIONER'S APPOINTMENTS.

ST. THOMAS,

On Saturday and Sunday, April 15 and 16,
Accompanied by

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE.

Sunday Afternoon and Night in the Duncombe Opera House.

ORILLIA,

MONDAY April 17,

THE COMMISSIONER

Assisted by the T. H. Q. Staff and the Training Home Staff, will conduct an

ALL DAY AT THE CROSS,

Good Friday, April 21st,

At the Temple, at 11 a.m. and 3 and 7 p.m.

CITY CORPS UNITED.

THE TEMPLE, EASTER SUNDAY,

11 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon, and in the

ASSOCIATION HALL

at 7.30 at night.

LONDON,

EASTER MONDAY, accompanied by

LIEUT.-COLONEL PUGMIRE,

Afternoon and Night, 3 and 7 p.m.,
in the Citadel.

LIEUT.-COLONEL and MRS. GASKIN

will conduct Special Meetings at

THE TEMPLE Sunday, April 18.

T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

Brigadier and Mrs. Southall.—Brantford, April 22, 23.

Staff-Capt. Manton.—Lindsay, April 15, 16; Gravenhurst, Good Friday, April 21; Midland, Easter Monday, April 24.

Ensign Owen.—Fenelon Falls, April 15, 16; Uxbridge, April 25, 26.

BIOSCOPE TOUR.

ADJUT. WAKEFIELD will exhibit Moving Pictures of the International Congress at:

Woodstock, Sat., Sun., and Mon., April 15, 16, 17; Paris, Tues., April 18; Galt, Wed., April 19.

BIOSCOPE TOUR.

STAFF-CAPT. McLEAN and CAPT. PARKER will exhibit

Moving Pictures of the International Congress at

Ogdensburg, Fri., April 14; Cornwall, Mon., April 15 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., April 16, 17); Sherbrooke, Wed., April 18; Newport, Thurs., April 19; St. Johnsbury, Fri., April 21; Barre, Vt., Mon., April 24 (Special Meetings Sat. and Sun., April 25, 26); Montpelier, Tues., April 25; Burlington, Wed., April 26.

SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

Officers in charge of Men's and Women's Social Institutions are requested to report as frequently as possible to the War Cry. Address to the Editor, Albert St., Toronto.